

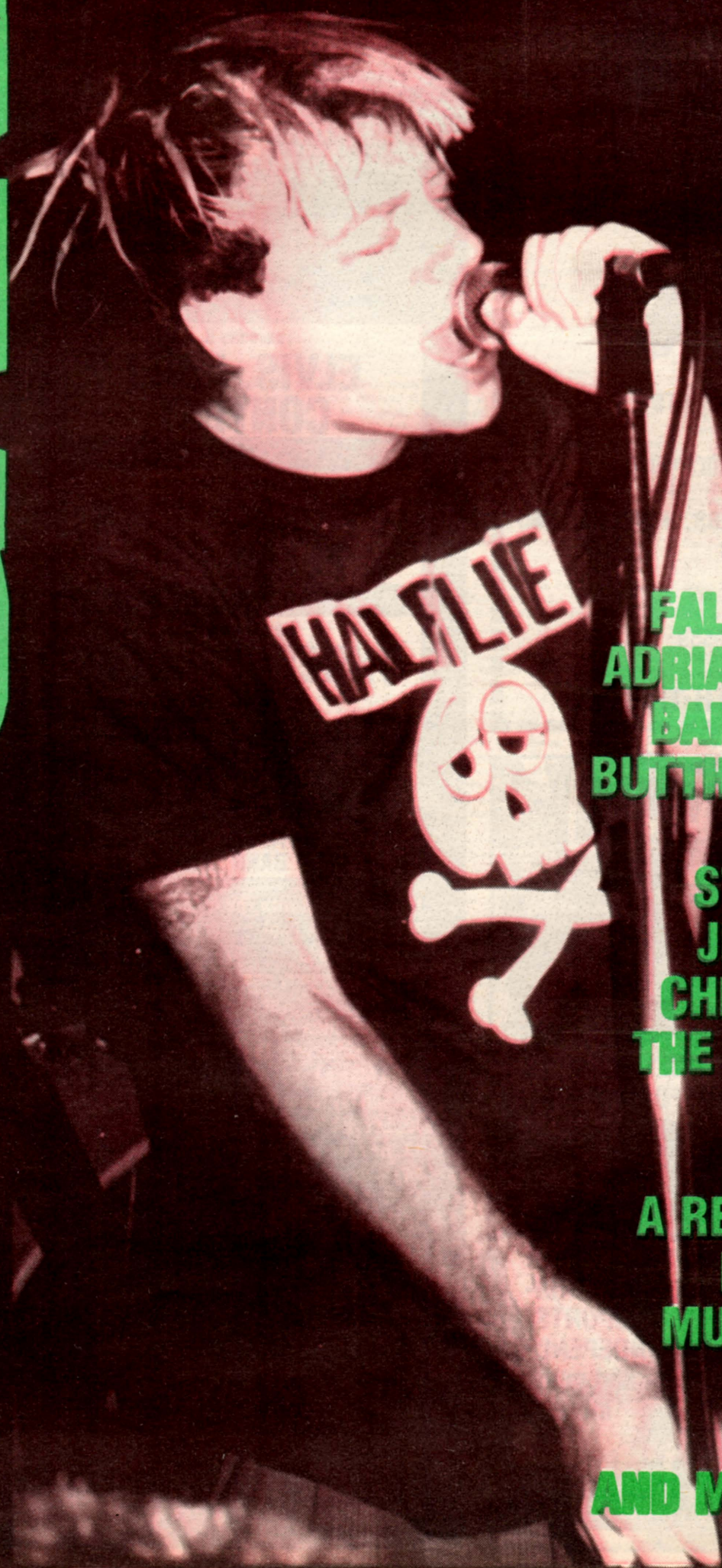
RAW

December, 1988

Number 28

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An Interview with
ALL
Page Eleven



**FALSE PROPHETS
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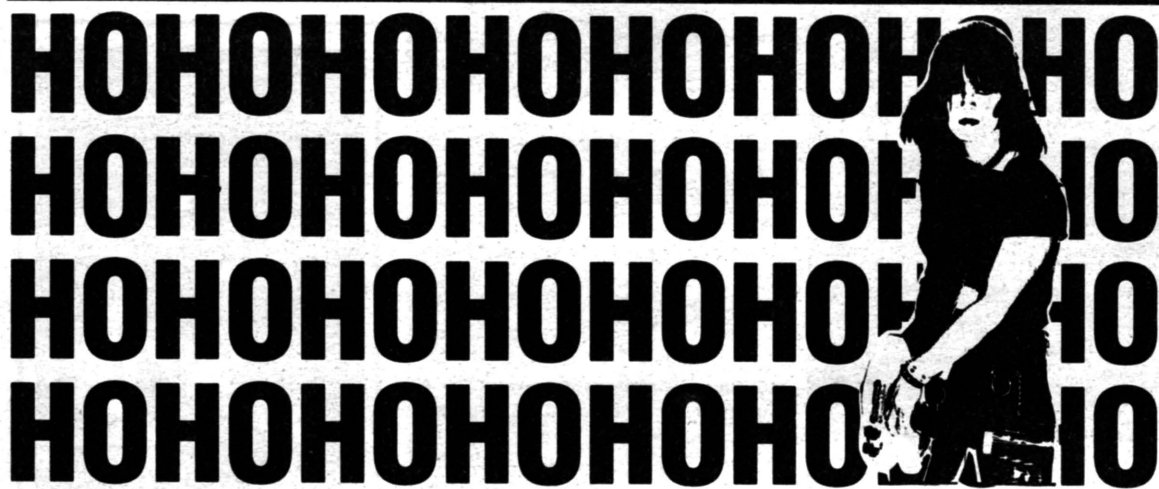
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PHOTO: ANDREW GIBSON



Well, here ya go, the next step in our plans for world domination: Making the move into southern Ontario. Wait, don't panic, I don't mean we're moving out of Montreal, just that the paper is now getting distributed throughout T.O. and in several other Ontario burghs.

Why? Well, because there's been a void there for a truly 'alternative' rag since *Nerve* went belly up in the Spring. And there's a lot of folks around who have been asking us to expand outside Montréal because they like our attitude (A "Bad Attitude", as I've been told recently). And finally, why not? Because it's there. Etc etc etc...

So youze folks in Toronto might notice that this issue is oriented from a Montreal perspective (especially the ads). We're going to be trying to change this a bit, to broaden our coverage (not change it) to include more shuff from T.O. and the rest of Canada. If you think this is a good idea then give us a call and write for this rag—there ain't no money involved, but there is a certain amount of notoriety. (Our phone number is (514) 483-5372. Ask for Paul or Emma).

In the meantime, here's a quickie guide to what you're reading:

The Attitude: Like I said, I've been told we've got a bad attitude. I'm not sure exactly what this means—I guess people just aren't used to reading bad reviews in the 'alternative' press. But we figure that a good review ain't much use in a mag that only gives good reviews, so if a writer thinks a record or a show is crap they'll let you know about it. I think folks are getting 'bad attitude' mixed up with 'being honest'.
Content: Not Top 40. Just about anything else. Being a volunteer organization, our content is pretty much dictated by whoever's on staff.

Probably the only rule we stuck to is that we'll make exceptions to any rules we come up with. I like to think of this as a Rock'n'Roll magazine, but I've been told that this is severely uncool. Sobeit.

The Editorial: This is where I get to blather on about all sorts of inconsequential stuff. I never read these things, but evidently a lot of other people do, considering the amount of hate mail I get. Being chief volunteer here, I guess it gives a decent idea of what's happening with the mag in general. (But Mr. Wonderful reserves the right to disagree with each and every thing I write).

The CRTC: A favourite target. It's a waste of time. Bunch of overpaid beurocrats should be put out to pasture before they destroy Canadian radio completely.

The Canada Council: Second favourite target. A masturbatory method for the over-50 Canadian art establishment to give itself lots of money and cushy jobs in the Civil Service. If I wasn't a dedicated pacifist, I'd say these people should all fuck off and die.

Montreal: Our home base. Maybe the scene here struggles with few venues and media outlets, but I wouldn't trade our bands for any other set in the world (even at three-for-one). Which brings us to the strange fact that we have no Montreal band interviews this ish. A coincidence: We'll have at least three next ish, together with T.O. bands, Canadian bands and international recording artists (love that phrase)—our normal mixture.

Banned Info: Pure propaganda, and we admit it. What's happening, who's happening, who's breaking up, what vinyl's in the works, who's getting married and just about anything else that anyone is willing to tell us.

Politically Correct: We're not.

Politically Oriented: We're not.

In Concert and On The Record:

Well, we try to get folks who are into a particular style of music to cover that music, and after that it's up to them. We give more raves than slags, but whatever it is, it's the writer's honest opinion. We don't pander to noone.

For Singles Only: Our singles review column. Taking a month off in December, this might be the most brutal thing we do. To-the-point reviews and ratings on 10. The overall average has been about three-point-two. A fan favourite, look for it in January.

Letters: Are encouraged. Just about anything we get is published. We like feedback and criticism and figure you should get a chance to have your opinion published, too. So, write.

Rockin' With The Rev: The reverend Bob conducts a guide to the industry and tries to be funny.

A Little Undercover Work: Burnt talks about album jackets and tries to be funny.

Filler: Mr. Wonderful talks to comedians and tries to be serious.
What's Up: Mr. Wonderful again. Here he tries to be funny and takes pot-shots at everyone in the rock'n'roll universe. The only section of the paper to be heavily edited, it never seems to make a difference—we get in trouble because of it all the time. (Incidentally, we're looking for someone to do Toronto listings. Give us a call! Come on down!).

Joan Jett: It goes without saying: She's the Queen of Rock'n'Roll.

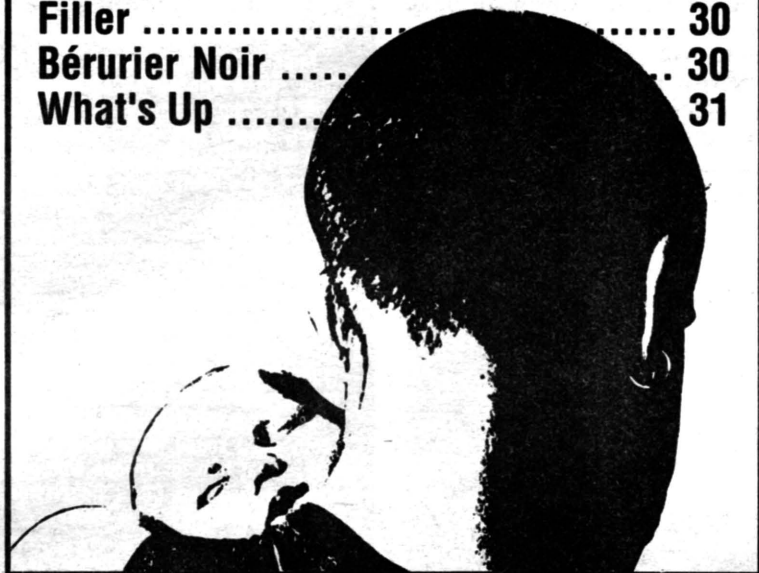
And that's it. Well, there's more, but you can turn pages faster than I can explain things. Just remember, we like feedback, so write a letter, or give us a call and get involved.
Ciao.

Paul Gott



EN GARDE

Banned Info	4
Butthole Surfers	7
Sham 69	9
All	11
In Concert	13
False Prophets	15
Independent Music Fest	16
Adrian Sherwood	19
Rockin' With The Rev	21
Death Angel	21
The Chart Thing	22
Band Of Susans	23
On The Record	25
A Little Undercover Work	26
For Cassettes Only	27
Stratejakets	29
Filler	30
Bérurier Noir	30
What's Up	31



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REAR GARDE



Shlonk: A rock'n'roll juggernaut.

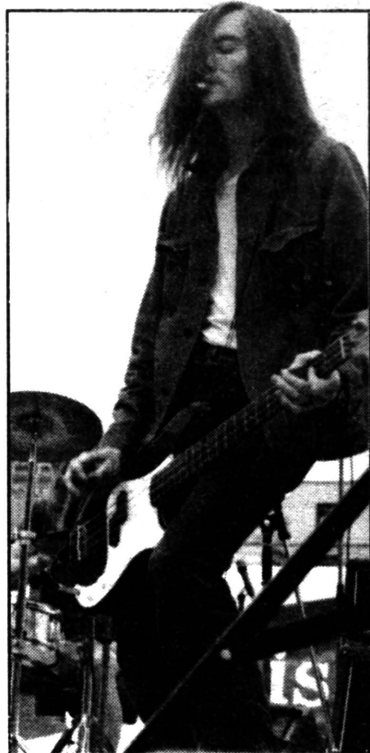
PHOTO: Twilight

We start off this month with a big Happy Birthday to CKUT 90.3, one year old in November. A birthday they celebrated with a blowout party at the Rialto where radio types, media types and musicians joined in the common cause of getting totally blasted, having popcorn fights and making their voices go funny with helium balloons...

One Good Decision By The CRTC
Department: After fighting the Ottawa beurocracy for years, CIBL has finally been awarded a decent amount of power by the CRTC. They've just been given a 350-watt community license, up from their current close-to-zero power. Their antenna will be on the top of the Olympic Stadium, and they should reach a good chunk of the island...

Albums Still On Their Way (Part One)
Department: Looks like the backlog from that one Canadian pressing plant is starting to clear out. I guess they've pressed all those Lionel Ritchie Xmas LPs and now they're getting around to the good stuff... First we have the new SNFULP *Better Than A Stick In The Eye* out in the next week on Cargo records. Nifty music, nifty cover and you can check out the review this ish (talk about on the ball!)...

Next is the new **Gruesomes** disc called *Hey!*. According to **OG** mastermind (?) Gerard, "It's a little more



Is the world ready for the Blake Cheetah Experience?
PHOTO: Sonja Chichak.

diverse, a little more psychedelic. And the vocal harmonies are actually on key in one song." Whoa, radical. Meantime, the Gruesomes are out visiting this great land of ours, playing more than 30 gigs from St. John's to Victoria...

Still Caught In The Backlog: OG vinyl on its way shortly includes a second **Dik Van Dykes** platter *Waste MOR Vinyl*, a **House of Knives** mini LP, **Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet's** first 12" slab and a compilation put together with Dave and Rena from that ever-cool *What Wave* mag in London.

Deja Voodoo also have a new LP on the burners (surprise, surprise). "If I have my way, it'll be either live or the

Worst of Voodoo Volume 2," sez Gerard. "We're going to scrape the bottom completely for this one. The only thing we haven't done yet is medleys." Voodoo are also heading out of town in February for some gigs. They've got a choice of shows either in Europe or the Yukon. Tough choice...

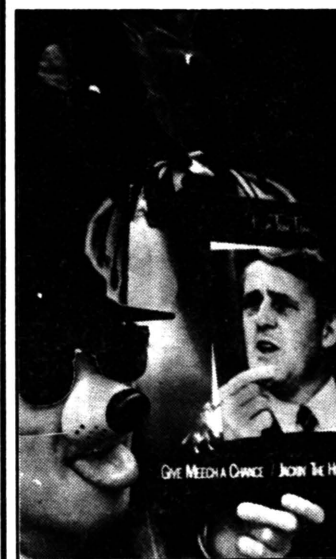
What's In A T-Shirt?
Department: Seems like Shlonk has this tee which features, well, ah, a giant dick. "It's really pretty," says guitarist/founder/spokesperson Angie. Still working on firming up a permanent line-up, at least they've got them lead vocals all worked out. "Al is now our permanent vocalist and he sounds kind of like the guy from the Accused," says Angie. "And we're getting faster. Our

stuff is grungy rock 'n roll and a lot of hardcore. We dropped all the theatrical stuff, now it's just a total musical experience."

They're currently recording a live jam demo and are planning a more polished demo in January or February. Also planned is a show in January with the **Lunachicks** in New York. "It'll be nine girls in a big van, plus a couple of guys," says Angie. "It'll be wild."

What? Not On The Road?
Department: We find the hard-touring **Doughboys** in town and resting up. They've finished off their latest LP and are awaitin' on finalizing their deal with Enigma (US of A) before releasing it. "I think we'll call it *Disco Sucks*," says bassist Jonh. "Jonathan wants to call it *Frampton Comes Alive Again* but I don't think he stands a chance on that one. We were also thinking of calling it *I Stepped In Bill Stevenson's Shit*, but I'm not sure how Enigma would react to that."

Accepting the risk that Jonh might not be taking this entirely seriously, we go on to the sound of the new LP: "It's slow and mellow and sounds kinda like **Cat Stevens**. There's only two or three punk rock songs on it." Cat Stevens? "Yeah. It's because we're getting old and tired and riding around in a van all the time kinda mellows you out. Actually, Brock's getting a cow bell—we're trying to sound like **Mountain**." (And anyone who doesn't remember what



Meech Lake? Grrrrrrrrrr.

During the recent election campaign one of the hottest musical/political stories was **Rin Tin Tin**. After a recent Maclean's feature on the band, **RearGarde** felt we couldn't be outdone. We tracked Rin Tin Tin down at a downtown Montreal restaurant, this is where we actually found out they could speak.

For those who don't know, Rin Tin Tin have released one record to date on House of Commons records called *Give Meech A Chance*. An anti-Meech Lake Accord parody on that **Lennon** composition *Give Peace A Chance*.

I asked Rin Tin Tin if they had heard from Mulroney about the song, one member responded with "we've heard that it's being played a lot on Mulroney's campaign plane which to us points out the major moral failings of this administration. They really liked it, first we didn't think they understood what satire was but then I guess it was confidence on their part, they were getting pretty cocky."

"A Records On Wheels store in Ottawa across the street from the Conservative headquarters had it in stock and when one of the Conservative directors came in a guy in the store went 'have you seen this yet,' the director sort of responded with a sound like Eeayaeeyaea...As for the Liberals the song is apparently a big hit with John Turner."

Rin Tin Tin does not plan on stopping here they hope to do more covers and maybe one day get a whole albums worth of material. Other stuff they have recorded includes a Rap version of *Black Dog* by **Led Zeppelin**, covers of **Madonna's** *Dress You Up In My Love* and **Prince's** *Dirty Mind*.

They came to have no time for live appearances probably due to the constant media hounding their getting. I made a suggestion they play a benefit for Mulroney or the PC's. "do a benefit for him, maybe one for all the people who have suffered under Mulroney."

—Mike Duffy on assignment to **RearGarde**.

MONDO

Imagine Don McGowan's old travel show mixed with *Mutual Of Omaha's Wild Kingdom* and you get a vague idea of what *Mondo New York* is all about.

A film trip though some of the underground and slightly-above-ground stories to be found in that city. Great stuff with comedians outside in a park, great stuff with performance artists doing their trip, some pretty nasty stuff with drugs, with Haitian Voodoo ceremonies, with a painful S&M scene, with rock 'n roll sleaze, with people's (sometimes overblown and over-dramatic) outlooks on life and/or death. The music is good and the Rialto has pretty good sound for a theatre that size. Great film for anyone who has admired New York City's sleazy side and wanted to know more about it.

"Mondo's a great example of what we want to do because it's trash," says Rialto co-owner, manager, publicist, master of ceremonies, etc. Thomas Fisher. "We think of ourselves as a gallery for films, we're not trying to be purveyors of good taste. When I saw *Mondo* in New York a year ago I thought it was shit, but fun. Now people see it here and say 'Well, it's not art, but it's a lot of fun, I'm coming back tomorrow to see it again'."

It's an attitude that's giving the Rialto a much more varied and younger appeal than Montreal's various deceased movie rep.s. "I think we've got a nicer room, a much nicer venue than Cinema V had, and I also think we're much more eclectic in our program-



MTL

ming," says Fisher. "But you've got to be careful—you can only make so many programming mistakes in a given week if you want to survive."

Part of being eclectic involves doing more than just movies: The Rialto now has a liquor license, and they're booking parties (such as CKUT's anniversary bash) and music acts as well.

"We want to do a lot of live music. We've got Bananarama coming in February—sorry about that—plus we're looking into getting bands like the Ramones and Tom Waits. The size of the theatre and cost of putting on a show really restricts us to larger acts," explains Fisher. "But it's a hell of a job just to run the theatre—it's more than a full-time job for several people—so music has had to take a back seat for now."

The key to the Rialto now is that it's a Fun place to be, spurred on by a young staff who are actually interested in keeping the place on top of the scene and with a booking policy that Fisher describes as "Better programming through chemistry." So *Mondo* exists next to 'art' films, the classics and rock 'n roll.

"I think the key is that we're actively soliciting community input to improve our programming," says Fisher. "We're actually out there arguing and fighting and picking up the beer bottles. We're actually out there talking to people."

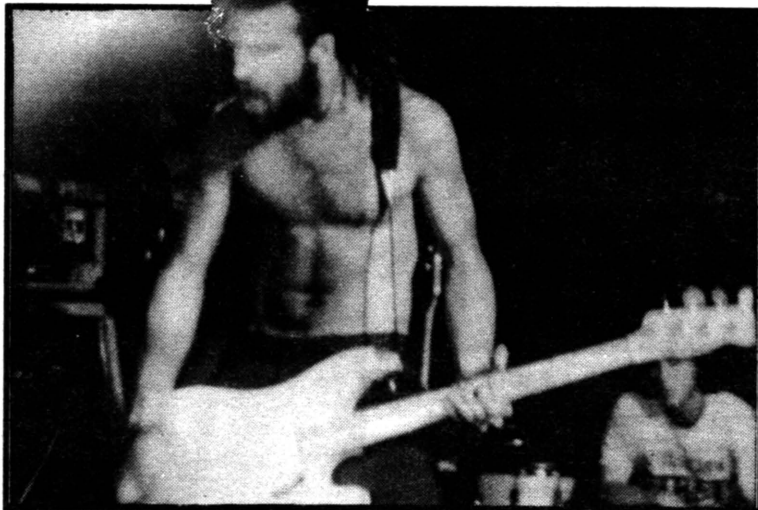
Paul Gott and Ewan Macdonald

Mountain sounds like, be grateful).

The band does have its own comic book coming out and are now doing the theme from the *Partridge Family*, but not on the LP. As for more shows: "We'll put that off as long as we can and then, when we have to, we'll play," says Jonh. "Probably when we have to go to Europe and we need the money. Right now though we're on vacation—I think we've pretty much saturated the propaganda market."

It's An Infamous World Department: The Infamous Bastards are planning some shows out east as well as a possible show in T.O. with *Lethal Agression*. But before they go, they gotta track down a new van since the old one got trashed at the Sham 69 show: "Some people loved us at that show and some people hated us," says Randy. "And some skins hated Sham and took it out on our van."

The band's 45 is selling like hot cross buns (or something like that) with 6 or 700 gone, they're on a new CD comp in the States, they're fixing up their equipment and getting some t-shirts made. Busy busy busy. Chico's also threatening to learn how to sing, which could take half the fun out of the band. "No, no, he's just trying to improve his vocal range," says Randy.



The Doughboys. Or is it mountain? Jonh only knows. PHOTO: Twilight.

"But we're not going wimpy, no way. Hey, a quote from Infamous: We'll never go wimpy! We'll always be hard—as hard as my [generic genetic appendage], and that's pretty hard."

Monthly Metal Massacre Department: Sheddup! DBC are back in the studio on the 2nd to record their second LP for release in April or May. Again it's on Combat in the States, "But we're gonna push hard to get it released domestically this time," says

guitarist Eddie. "Both the new album and the first." At the controls in the studio is producer Garth Richardson who's worked with folks includin' Alice Cooper.

DBC's planned tour of the States got cancelled for the third time last month. "We weren't getting the guarantees for a multi-band tour the label was setting up, and Combat didn't want to take the chance," says Eddie. "So we're waiting for the second album before organizing another one." They are possibly doing some shows in the Maritimes in January, tho. And their next Montreal date is February 13 at the Spectrum...

Also happening at the Spectrum are Voivod who are out on a month-plus tour of the States now and coming back for shows December 20 and 21 with the Cromags and Ultraviolence. And it's a DKD production, talkin' 'bout Big Time...

Elvis Lives Department: A little more down-to-earth now, we've got 12 Elvises performing at Station 10 on the eighth (including one female Elvis). Definitely the show of the year, There Will Be No Lip Synching and the twelve'll be judged by a panel of experts, including quite possibly your erstwhile RG editor. The top Elvis clones'll come back for the finals on January 8. If the real Elvis turns up, the club has offered to give him free imported beer all night...

The 70's Aren't As Dead As We'd Hoped Department: That fabled reunion of the original Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra has somehow degenerated into something called the Blake Cheetah Experience. "We want to play all this unhip 70's music," says Blake. "Every rock song you wanted to play when you were twelve years old." Oh boy.

Still in the planning stages, it'll include Blake, Jerry and Ace Musical Variations (JJ's original guitarist). But it won't interfere with anyone's career plans according to Blake: "It's just a part-time thing—to do some shows, rake in some bucks and get out of town." Sounds like the 70's...

Fail-Safe are working on a deal for a second record with a "large local company". Meantime, their planned German EP has been canned "Because the guy putting it out got jaded and stopped doing the record thing," says Iain. They are still putting a track on a Dutch comp. for *Threshold Fanzine*. They recently recorded a three-song demo at McGill: "It was a 24-track studio, but we only used 16," says Iain. "And I did

BANNED INFO

my vocals live in Pollak Hall (more accustomed to string quartets). The folks were wondering why there was this bald guy in a skirt screaming his lungs out."

All-Star Line-Up Department: New band on the block is something called Bliss (sorry Iain, but that name still stinks). It includes Mr. Iain from Fail-Safe, a couple of transplanted members of Maritime Pride and one member from Warbogsaw Gimmik. Says Iain: "It's four skinny guys who play neo-post-modernist-punk-rock'n'roll." Right now they've only got 5 originals and 5 covers, but those marketing madmen have "Off The Pig" t-shirts coming out any day now. Future plans? "We want to play shows early in the New Year with the Ripcordz." Yeah, doesn't everybody?

And Fail-Safe fans relax: Iain's extra project and Ewan's playing in the aforementioned 'cordz and Dr. D won't interfere with Fail-Safe. They promise. So don't worry, be happy...

It's The Casbys, y'Know



The Razorbacks. An award-winning band

by Sonja Chichak

Originally intended as a parody of the overglamorized, Americanized Juno awards, the Casby's have evolved into exactly what they spoofed.

An acronym for "Canadian Artists Selected By You", the Casby's have undergone numerous changes over the years. Formerly known as the U-Know's, the growing seriousness of these annual awards have blown the event into a huge multi-media promotional affair.

Ballot forms appear in September issues of popular magazines, enabling the public to vote for their favorites in a number of categories.

Robbie Robertson was this year's big winner as the Best Male Vocalist, on October 13th at Toronto's RPM club. He also captured Album of the Year

and shared the Best Producer title with **Daniel Lanois**, both for his self-titled LP.

Blue Rodeo was named Best Group and won accolades for Best Video and Single of the Year, for their hit *Try*. **K.D. Lang** was titled Best Female Vocalist, while **INXS's** *Kick* became International Album of the Year. Best R&B/Reggae Recording went to Toronto's **Sattalites**, for their record *Gimme Some Kinda Sign*. **Manteca's** *Fire Me Up* earned them The Best Jazz Recording award.

Most Promising Artist and Group accolades went to **Andrew Cash** and **The Razorbacks** respectively.

In the Independent category, **The Shuffle Demons** captured Best Independent Video and Best Independent Artist for *Out Of My House*. **Roach**. The Best Non-Recording Artist award went to **Bratty & The Babysitters** who didn't forget to thank the club-goers for their support.

Capital Punishment

By John Sekerka

Every winter Ottawa bands hibernate or meander south where guitars can be played without employing mittens. Needless to say the local scene parallels the arctic atmosphere... Alright, enough excuses, let's get on with it, shall we?

Well known cow worshippers the Pale Descendants are milking some sessions at Ambience Studios. This vinyl should be on your turntable as of this reading. Since their manager returned from planting trees in the Yukon, the PD's have been restored to a gigging band again.

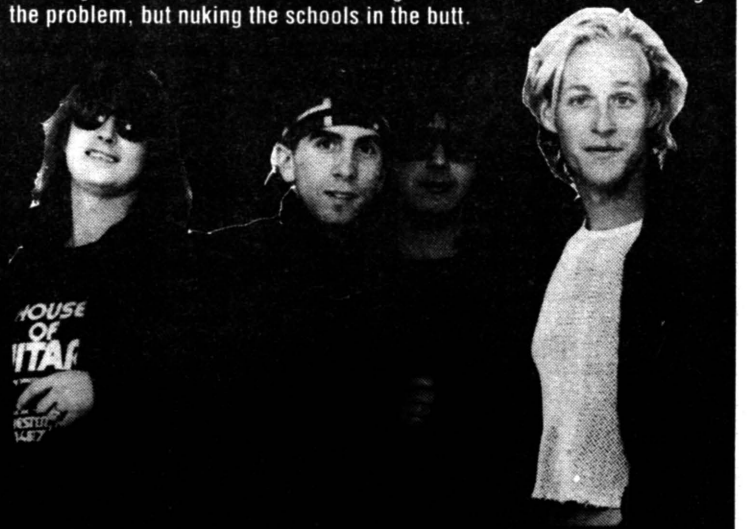
Out on tour now, the Randypeters end their plight in the Motor City on a chilly November eve. If they get outta there, the Petes have threatened to record more stuff.

Not to be outdone, those crazy Whirleygigs are recording in Montreal of all places. Drummer Rob is recovering from a broken arm he got in a punch up... er soccer match, so expect Def Leppard—like pounding. Guitarist Jeff had to get outta Ottawa 'cause Jr. Gone Wild were threatening to make his place a commune. So, all that means a new album out soon.

Apparently the Gigs are using some violin sounds courtesy of the Boys Next Door. Speaking of whom, a brand new cassette is available so you don't have to wonder if all that talk is just all talk.

After a van trek through the States (part of the Free Trade agreement, we get a six record set of Springsteen's various versions of the Star Studded Banner), Fluid Waffle have returned. After a lengthy stay at a lube garage, the Waff are working on an album, so they say. Though don't hold your breath for these kings of procrastination.

Gotta end with a Panda bit. You know that's the annual football clash between our two universities that saw several fans plummet from the stands last year. It was on the *National* dammit, yeah that's the one. Well, the city decided to destroy the game. They held it on Thanksgiving Monday (say, where are all the students, and where the hell can ya get some beer?!). Four wayward tourists showed up looking for the Parliament Buildings and the schools took a beating. Thanks Ottawa for not solving the problem, but nuking the schools in the butt.



The Randypeters are looking damn spritely and're threatening more vinyl.

6

And any minute now we'll be seeing the new **American Devices** LP, *Decensortized*. Yes, it's true, I've seen the cover complete with little stickers to cover the naughty bits. "The record plant told us it would be four to six weeks, and that was six weeks ago," says guitarist Rick, who points out some rather fancy jacket features: "Yeah, you can run your fingers over some exposed brains embossment." Yum. The disc incidentally is put out by a new local label, Tear Records, whose owner has a rather odd source of income: Gravedigger by day, record mogul by night...

A Little International 'Core News: Ludichrist and the Accused are currently touring Europe... Guy Brogna is now playing bass for Ludichrist... **Raging Slab** have a new drummer called Dave Miranda, who's played with them before (which I guess makes him their old drummer too). He's been described as 'the best hardcore drummer alive' and this could well be true—what do I know about drummers?... **Agnostic Front** and **Murphy's Law** are doing a "New



Rise should have some vinyl out soon.

PHOTO: Rula

York's Finest" tour of Europe, Australia and, most importantly, Canada in the Spring... Finally, the **Crumbfuckers** vocalist has quit and is giving up music at last report to get a real job...

Locally, that recent **DRI** show wasn't much good for anybody: **Hazy Azure** lost their lead vocalist when he totalled his leg on stage after only two songs. And **Shithead** lost backwards of cash on the gig. Therefore, a **Shithead Benefit** is happening at Foulfoules on December 13 "to just get rid of some

immediate debts", featuring **Leave It To Beaver**, **Hazy Azure**, **Rise** and **Infamous Bastards**. Sez Randy of **Infamous**: "Jeez, I hope we're not headlining. I hate headlining. We're not good enough to headline. All I want to do is make a lot of cash and be second."

On The Breakfast Cereal Front: **Captain Crunch And Lets Do Lunch** are yet another local band with an album-in-waiting. "The album is already recorded—we did ten songs at CRSG. And the album cover art is done," says Pat. "We're putting it out ourselves... Ouch! Take my money, please!" Timing on the LP depends both on the band working out some internal problems, and putting together enough cash. Says Pat, "It could happen anywhere from now to next spring."

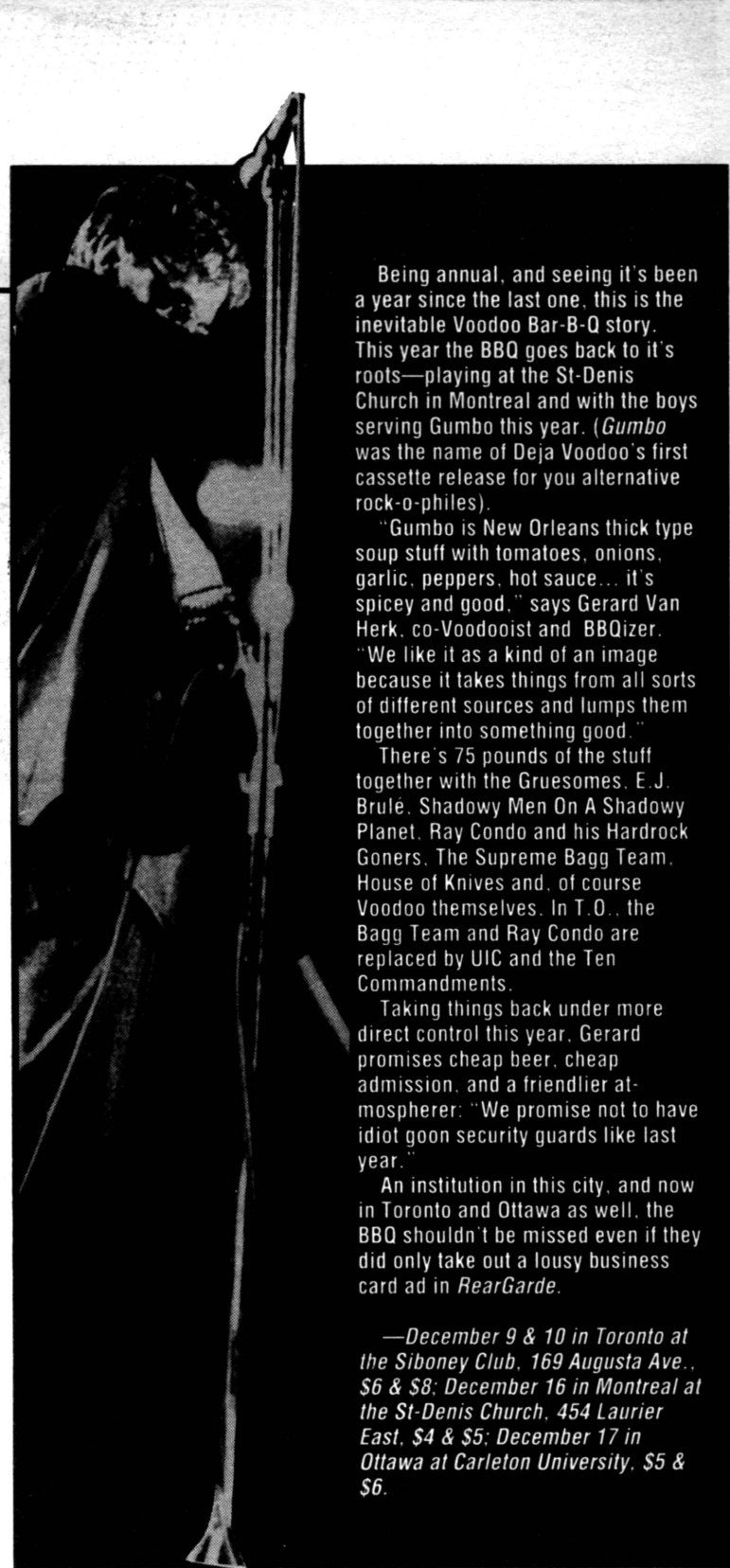
Les Parazit are back together with an expanded line-up and a new direction in sound, away from their Punk roots. They unveiled the new line-up opening for **Bérurier Noir** at the Spectrum. Not a bad start (or re-start)...

Band With Most Recording Offers Department: Strangely enough, the band with the connections is **Rise**, who have three possible deals in the offing. Look for something on either **Lone Wolf** (T.O.), **Kane Records** (Californie), or **Sketchy Records** (T.O.). They're completing four new songs in a 24-track studio right now. Also, if you want a copy of their first cassette, pick one up quick as they're running out and not planning on making any more...

After getting over the instant fame and attention caused by being on the cover of our last issue, the **Asexuals** are back at work and mixing down their new album, *Dish*. "It's so different—it's got slide guitar and horns—it's kind of hard to explain, but I like it," says T.J. It's on Cargo in Canada and they've "kinda found someone for the States."

"It cost a lot of time and money, but it sounds really good," says T.J. "This is it, this is our shot. I'd be perfectly happy if we never record again... Of course I'd like to record again, but at least we've got something to be proud of." We're looking for a January (translation: April) record release, and a February review by Mr. Wonderful. Or maybe not...

Need a Job? Department: One of our Edmonton import bands, **Broken Smile**, is looking to give You a job. No money, but fame is a possibility. Seems they still haven't tracked down their lead vocalist yet (he's somewhere in Europe or the Caribbean), so here's the salespitch: "We're a really heavy band looking for a really heavy singer," says



Being annual, and seeing it's been a year since the last one, this is the inevitable **Voodoo Bar-B-Q** story. This year the BBQ goes back to its roots—playing at the St-Denis Church in Montreal and with the boys serving Gumbo this year. (*Gumbo* was the name of **Deja Voodoo**'s first cassette release for you alternative rock-o-philes).

"Gumbo is New Orleans thick type soup stuff with tomatoes, onions, garlic, peppers, hot sauce... it's spicy and good," says Gerard Van Herk, co-Voodooist and BBQizer. "We like it as a kind of an image because it takes things from all sorts of different sources and lumps them together into something good."

There's 75 pounds of the stuff together with the **Gruesomes**, **E.J. Brulé**, **Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet**, **Ray Condo** and his **Hardrock Goners**, **The Supreme Bagg Team**, **House of Knives** and, of course **Voodoo** themselves. In T.O., the **Bagg Team** and **Ray Condo** are replaced by **UIC** and the **Ten Commandments**.

Taking things back under more direct control this year, Gerard promises cheap beer, cheap admission, and a friendlier atmosphere: "We promise not to have idiot goon security guards like last year."

An institution in this city, and now in Toronto and Ottawa as well, the BBQ shouldn't be missed even if they did only take out a lousy business card ad in *RearGarde*.

—December 9 & 10 in Toronto at the **Siboney Club**, 169 Augusta Ave., \$6 & \$8; December 16 in Montreal at the **St-Denis Church**, 454 Laurier East, \$4 & \$5; December 17 in Ottawa at **Carleton University**, \$5 & \$6.

The Big Show In T.O.

by David James

Toronto's proud history as a stronghold of progressive radio is over. The "Spirit of Radio" is dead. CFNY 102 FM have dropped not only their slogan, but also their formerly progressive format as well, falling in line with Toronto's other stations to create one solid mass of blandness over the airwaves.

For those who don't know, CFNY gained its reputation in the early 80's through its support of music that other stations wouldn't touch. At the time, that could mean such still unfashionable groups like **Bauhaus**, **Killing Joke**, **Joy Division** or the **Lords of the New Church**. But it also meant basing itself on a lot of groups that are now big business—**U2**, **New Order**, **Cult**, **Simple Minds**, **Smiths**, **REM** etc. As these grew in popularity, CFNY concentrated more and more on them, secure in the knowledge they had been there first and not realizing they were no longer alone.

CFNY gained respectability, but lost their unique style, no longer interested in taking a risk. The trouble was best displayed when they changed the name of their music awards from the sarcastic *U-Know* to the more acceptable *CASBYs*. The resulting TV specials show that any differences to the **JUNOs** are now strictly cosmetic.

The second problem was the search for the older audience that advertisers want. So CFNY started playing 60's tunes, which further cut back on any New Music. The station is not looking for an audience any more so much as they are looking for a demographic and so have dropped all pretenses of being "alternative". So now the likes of **Bruce Hornsby** get put on heavy rotation while **Iggy Pop** and **Joan Jett** put out their best LPs in years, yet fail to attract any attention on the station.

Whether this strategy will actually work for the station is another matter entirely. The station's old fans can switch their loyalty to campus radio like **CIUT** and the more powerful rock-oriented **CKLN**. There is also a petition being started to convince the station to bring back the spirit. (and if you can't find a copy to sign, there is one in the back of the big Sam the Record Man downtown).

CKLN has had some trouble of a different sort. They found themselves under attack by some groups who were demanding that the station's license be revoked because of some of their more radical cultural and political content. Fortunately, unlike the U.S. where stations can be forced off the air by such complaints, so far these right wing loonies don't have that kind of power here and the complaint fizzled out.

But just because it didn't happen, doesn't mean it can't happen, especially with **Mulroney** winning again. **Crosbie** is sure to put his shiny new censorship bill into effect, so be on guard because stations like **CKLN** (and papers like this one) are worth protecting, and will probably need protecting.

Speaking of petitions, there is also one afoot to bring **Joan Jett**, the Queen of Rock 'n Roll to Toronto. Word is that she has heard about it and is keeping tabs on us, so sign it! You can find petitions at **Sam the Record Man** downtown, **Rock and Roll Heaven** and also at **Flashbacks**. Well, what are you waiting for? Get moving!

guitarist **Brian**. "A lead singer who can write lyrics." If you're seriously interested, phone **Brian** at (514) 286-4417.

Meanwhile, Down At CRSG Production: **Captain Crunch and Etc.** have just completed their second demo... the **Elementals** did some pre-production work on their first album, which should be out in a couple of months... "the **Ripcordz** recorded 23 million songs for a 3-song 12" single" (actually, it's 23 songs for a CD)... and **PF** won the Station 10 Battle of the Bands, giving them some studio time to record a new demo... By the way, CRSG has a good and cheap 8-track studio for rent—phone (514) 848-7401...

Finally, we have one tremendously impressive fanzine to talk about called **Mental Absurdity**. It covers speed-metal/death-core/metal-core stuff which ain't really my cuppa tea, but

they do cover a wide range of bands international and local and also have an extensive demo review section Plus a selective album review section. This first issue is 32 pages and includes a shitload of interviews with bands like the **Accused**, **Adenalin O.D.**, **Soothsayer**, **Hazy Azure** and **BARF**.

While some of the interviews are a little superficial at times (kinda like ours), there's still a ton of info and little tidbits on other zines and fun stuff. Recommended highly (or highly recommended) for anyone into this type of music. Copies are \$3 U.S. (U.S.?) from **Mental Absurdity**, c/o **Rosaire Fontaine**, P.O. Box 413, Verdun, Quebec, H4G 3G1.

And so we end another edition of **Banned Info**. Yo, if you've got info, propaganda or whatever on any hands anywhere, just drop us a line at **RearGarde**, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4. Or give us a call at (514) 483-5372—we might even be investing in an answering machine sometime soon. We're also looking from folks who'd be interested in doing scene reports.

Oh, and before I forget, this month's **Banned Info** was compiled by **Paul Gott** and **J.D.** Head from the **RearGarde** wired services. Thank-you and good-night.

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BUTTHOLE

RearGarde: What are your main sources of inspiration?

Gibby: (leading singing Butthole): The female vagina and television commercials.

RearGarde: Is there another vagina than the female one?

Gibby: I can't answer now cos blood is rushing from my head to my penis.

RearGarde: Well, maybe you could tell me what kind of television commercials have an influence on you.

Gibby: Ah...probably the new Pontiac Commercial. (He sings) "Get on your new Pontiac and ride! (One octave higher) ride! (lower) Ride! (higher) Ride!!

RearGarde: You're very talented!

Gibby: (Blushing) Thank you...

The Butthole Surfers honored our fierce dead soldiers by performing their usual meritorious cataclysmic circus of light, sound, film, fire and Precambrian drumming. One of their drummers was missing, a victim of salmonella in Toronto (it's not v.d., it's food poisoning). Anyway, there wouldn't have been enough room for her on a stage that was already occupied to its last square inch by musical equipment.

The club was crowded too, and past the second row of standing spectators, visibility was about nil. It didn't really matter though, because the Buttholes' strength resides in their ability to create an atmosphere. Through their long career (8 years), they have used all sorts of techniques, from playing naked to wearing disemboweled teddy bears on their heads, with dry ice and adding a mud-covered belly-dancer. This year, no belly dancer, but fire pillars, strobe light and films, among other things.

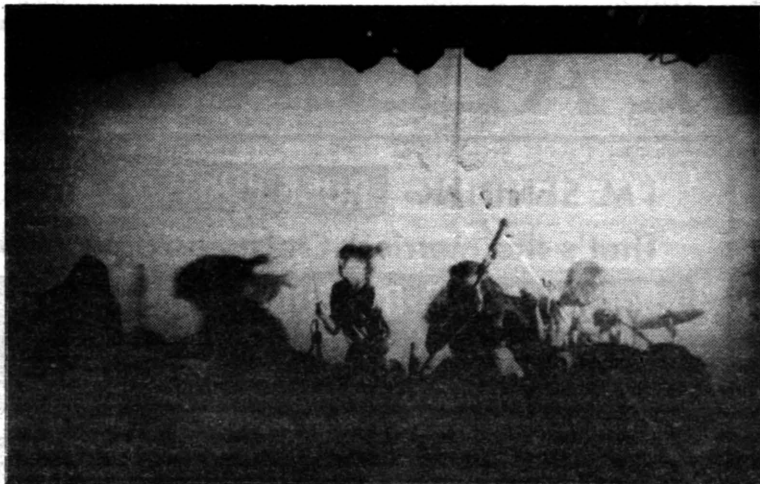
RearGarde: Who made the films you were playing during the show?

Gibby: Ah, lessee...one of them we made down there, the one that was all like ah...geometric shapes that kinda changed...and then the rest we just found footage. One was a film by a guy that lives in Buffalo now, *Epileptic Seizure Comparison* and his name escapes me right now and I really feel like a jerk for not being able to come up with it, cos he was really cool for letting us show it all of our shows...ah...but I can't think of his name...

One thing I find about the Butthole Surfers is that their shows are always more dynamic than their records, to the point where I could never miss one of their shows but I never buy their records. Live, they literally steam with an incredible energy which, mixed with all their stage tricks, generates a feeling of bursting chaos.

One of the most effective elements of their presence is their double drummer machine, which raises the sound to high peaks of primitive depth. Add to that a psycho-industrial endless guitar solos, rumbling bass, and a tall, greasy hippie-looking long haired skinny Gibby as the master of ceremonies.

Weird sounds coming programmed from nowhere, fire jumping at people's faces and licking the ceiling, strobe



lights, films on a giant screen showing things I can't remember but it could have been a bunch of snakes and lizards munching on the interior of something, a black and white flicker film of a schizo-mania depressive epileptic guy, and a jammed packed club of people on mushrooms, acid, alcohol, speed, smack, coke, mescaline, ganja, hash, and all the other drugs (including a natural high), minus one drummer, very long songs with few vocals...and you spend a pleasant evening.

Gibby: All our records sound like blatant fuckin' shit! However some day if we produce a record that sounds rrrrrrrreally good...it probably won't do any better than any of our other

records have, but who cares? It's only art, right? Are we artists or what?

RearGarde: Are you a message band?

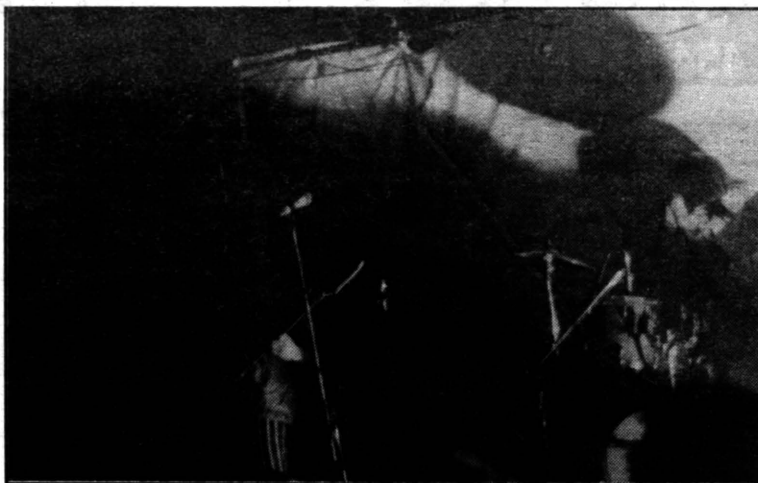
Gibby: No, not a all, we're totally selfishly motivated, just...jabbering off, just musical masturbation basically is, ah, truly what it is it seems.

Some guy: Self indulgence!

Gibby: All our songs are internally motivated. They react to things outside of us, like death, sex, pain, love, ah...time...heat...cold. But it's not really that, it's like, it's masturbation but we never come, you know?

RearGarde: You're like nymphomaniacs!

Gibby: Maybe we'll come on one of our records and we'll, we'll...



RearGarde: By the way, do you have a cultural background?

Gibby: I'm a total cultural void. I look at a computer screen, is basically what I do with my time.

RearGarde: Do you listen to any music at all?

Gibby: I listen to every other band, from, like, Metallica to...Tragic Mulatto.

Last year the Buttholes played at Club Soda, which was less cozy than Foufounes but the visibility was better, and the show seemed to be more accomplished. According to Gibby, he was less drunk this year and that might be why.

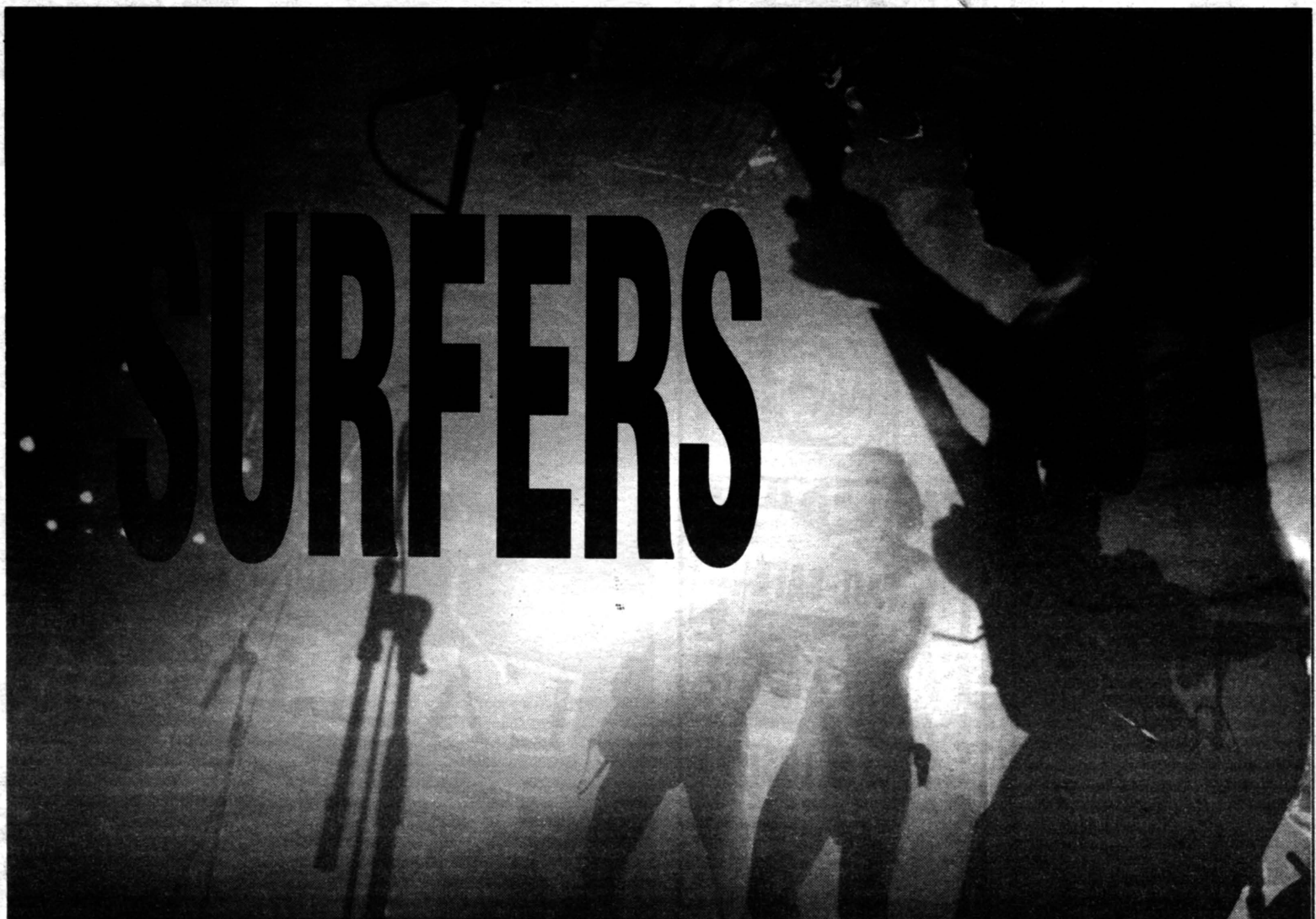
Still, it had the essence of a good Buttholes, with some great moments of psychedelic planing, interrupted only by the odd epileptic rushing out in order to avoid a seizure. Now let's try to get a bit of perspective towards the future. *Hairway to Steven*, their last LP was characterized by little drawings instead of titles for the songs, like a naked girl, a syringe, animals and men pissing.

RearGarde: What is your next album gonna be like?

Gibby: The next record...the songs will be, ah...paragraph long descriptions of drawings.

RearGarde: We can't wait, thank you.

Interview conducted by Sylvie Payne.



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L'ALLER-RETOUR



They finally made it, Sham 69 came to town and RearGarde had the chance to catch up with lead singer Jimmy Pursey afterwards. Pursey was a bit out of it as far as the interview went due to encounters with a hostile (at times) audience and a hostile American police presence (all the time). The latter case was so strong that the band was put in handcuffs at the border and held there for a few hours. Pursey felt like talking but was more or less fed up with North America and seemed intent on getting back home. His answers were a bit rambling at times but try and follow he does make some sense.

RearGarde: Glad to see you finally made it here.

Pursey: I'd never even thought I'd get here tonight.

RearGarde: What exactly happened at the border?

Pursey: What happened exactly was this, we came into America illegally because they didn't get our visa papers ready in time. So what happened was two of them (the band) got sent home to England. Then they got put back on a plane to Montreal and then I met them at CBGB's in New York but I had to talk them into it over the phone because they were so tired and so exhausted that when they came back to Montreal they were scared they would get arrested. I talked them into it and we went all the way around to Detroit and we were threatened with guns and they ripped a flag off the wall.

RearGarde: What was the reason for all this?

Pursey: Because of what we stand for basically. I mean America is turning into a white Aryan supremacy group of Neo-Nazi kids. Really, really disturbed beyond belief. I mean I've put up with it in Germany for the past couple of years. One day in Germany I walked in front of a 100 skinheads in a carpark and told them if they grow their hair and grow their brains then they'll be able to get into a Sham 69 concert, but if you continue to be worse than what your forefathers were in the way you bully people and say things like 'if you don't get your hair cut you can't have anything to do with a Sham 69 concert'. Sham 69 has always been a Punk band...

(At this point some drunk knocks on Pursey's hotel room door and is hassling Sham's sax player, after much diplomatic maneuvering on Pursey's part the guy leaves and we can continue the interview, this is where an obviously drained Pursey starts to ramble on about the hassles they had on their American tour.)

Pursey: I've seen some very bizarre things in my life but on this American tour I've seen the worst and the best. I mean it's the most outrageous thing I've ever gone through in my life. The first two gigs in NY were incredible, sell-out gigs, everybody was into it, all different cultures, all different tribes of people, all understanding what was going on. Sham 69's whole thing is to pull as many as people as possible together to have individualized situations take place where people can understand music is for everybody, it's not one-dimensional. So when we take it on the road and try and do as much as possible in that way, we're going to upset certain people who are going to be greedy and want it for their own self purposes.

RearGarde: From New York where did you go?

Pursey: From there we went to Trenton, New Jersey and there we met twenty skinheads that weren't skinheads, again they were Neo-Nazis. The worrying fact of it is that they're all very middle class, none of these kids are working-class white trash. They're middle class upstarts that have got a chip on their shoulder about what they can't have in life. From there we went to Providence and there it was more of a misunderstanding, there were few skinheads in the audience, it was more of a situation like tonight where some people were saying to

me 'we've waited ten years to see this why didn't we get the old.' That has nothing to do with what Sham 69 is about. We are not a cabaret act. I've gone through 10 years of different situations in my life to come to towns and being able to again write songs that have meaning, it's a life, instead of being a cabaret act.

I had to come away from it because I was living in a goldfish bowl, and we all know what happens in a goldfish bowl, a goldfish looks bigger than it's supposed to. I wanted to gain a certain sense of reality.

RearGarde: Why did you come back to the music scene with Sham 69?

Pursey: The music scene was so boring and so distorted like a tupperware party in a toilet. Because of that fact I wanted to try and change that situation. I've done as much as possible and now I'm in Canada.

RearGarde: I don't want to harp on it but tell me more about your American tour, were there other hassles?

Pursey: Well we were told in Chicago we'd get the shit kicked out of us, it was one of the best gigs we played, all types of kids. In Los Angeles we played in front of 3000 people a night and blew the Damned off the stage because now the Damned are using synthesized click tracks so every time these machines were breaking down, they were breaking down. I've never seen anything like it. To see a Punk band who wrote songs like *Smash It Up* and god knows what else being in this situation...I don't know. When we got to Atlanta the Klu Klux Klan were outside, they were advertising in fanzines to go and disrupt the Sham 69 gig. Ya gotta understand this skinheads infiltrating our

audiences to make it look like they're the general populist situation and it's not that way at all. In Washington we had the FBI watching the gig, when we came out of the soundcheck we had a police escort to the hotel.

RearGarde: What was like at the border today with your hassles by the...

Pursey: When we got near the border today it was like a roadblock, it was like a bizarre movie. We've gone through snow, rain, deserts and then this. These police knew our names, where we came from. They told us to get out of the car, walk over there, sit over there, you get up, you in handcuffs....I was thinking this is it, this is it. Anyways what happened was they took my passport and then they stamped it so I would never get back into the USA again. (At this point Pursey takes out his passport and shows it to me with the stamp, the frustration of the past few weeks showed on his face as he showed me where they stamped it). I just felt like...I haven't done anything. We had done so much going around America and changing people's attitudes and then I thought of those Heavy Metal bands that are not trying to change anything at all, they're just trying to rip people off. I was thinking of all the people who go through the border every day stacked up with drugs, stacked up with guns and here they were picking on a band that was trying as much as possible to bring people together. I just thought what have I done, what have I done to deserve to be in this situation. When I got to the Canadian border they asked what this stamp was for and then they told us 'well you're only going to be here two days so come and

play,' as if to say 'fuck the Yanks, this is Canada we're not going to give you that shit.' Can you imagine to go through all that shit and then get on stage tonight and have this skinhead shouting and shouting without any sense of any purpose to knowing what he was talking about. Especially when I was singing a song like *Bastard Club* which was about the bringing together of everybody and this is where they're one-dimensional and this kid couldn't accept it. So when we did *As Black As Sheep*, which is how I used to look at all the kids on Kings Road who have now turned into tourist postcards. To think I used to try and be a Punk-rocker with an ideal of belief and to see it all end up the way it did. When we started the song all I did was walk out into the audience and say 'I mean you no harm', crack he whopped me in the face. (What actually happened was he was headbutted in the face by a heckler in the audience when Pursey went down to talk to him face to face) That sums it up completely. That sums up his intelligence completely. He has to use violence, he couldn't stand there and even laugh at me. He couldn't even back away and walk out with his head in the air. He had to turn it into violence.

RearGarde: Why didn't you finish that song?

Pursey: I wanted to turn into more of an emotional situation so we did *If The Kids Are United*.

RearGarde: I felt you were pandering to what he wanted?

Pursey: Maybe it was 50/50 that. My face was hurting so much and I had handcuffs on me today, I was exhausted. So basically you

could say I was scared in that situation and I didn't want to cause a riot. I didn't want violence. If violence happened during *If The Kids Are United* then what chance do we have of going on.

RearGarde: Why when you came back out for a second encore did you do *If The Kids Are United* again?

Pursey: Because I felt it needed to be put across again. The second time was even more meaner than the first time. The first time I was still stunned by what happened.

RearGarde: Does that happen to you often?

Pursey: Naw, on the very rare occasion.

RearGarde: How about when you do shows in England?

Pursey: Ya in England ten years ago but that was a different situation. Anyway we don't hardly play England anymore.

RearGarde: Why not?

Pursey: Well when we get back we're playing an unemployment benefit in Liverpool but I just feel that Sham 69 should be taken around the world. It was never taken outside of England last time.

RearGarde: My introduction to Sham 69 was when the movie DOA came out.

Pursey: We heard that a lot on this tour.

RearGarde: What does Jimmy Pursey do at home when not on tour in America?

Pursey: Jimmy Pursey scratches videos all the time.

RearGarde: Huh?

Pursey: You take two video machines and hooking them together and take bits of advertisements, newsreels, documentaries and turn them into 10 minute anarchic, imaginative pieces of video you can watch every so often. I did this for London clubs.

RearGarde: All tour did you get the same sort of negative reaction you got tonight?

Pursey: I thought the reaction was pretty good. If you actually think about it, somebody waits ten years to see you and you play 3/4's of your set new songs and they were all basically clapped. Nobody was actually walking away...

RearGarde: Well where I was standing some people were walking away.

Pursey: Well if they were, they are the people that are one-dimensional anyways.

RearGarde: Right, when you played the old songs they all came running back.

Pursey: Exactly, that's what I mean. That's where they're coming from so we don't want these people coming to the gigs anyways. The people who were standing, watching, listening they were the people we were interested in.

RearGarde: Tonight was a sense of déjà-vu for me when you came on, because when I saw the Professionals everybody was calling for Sex Pistols songs...

Pursey: Ya, now he's got his hair down to his knees.

RearGarde: You had an association with Jones-Cook?

Pursey: Ya I did and I didn't want to be with them in that situation. I basically don't want to talk about it but it has to do with drugs more than anything else, they were into it and I'm not.

RearGarde: Ten years ago you described Sham 69 as a Rebel-Rockabilly band with Country-type Punk influences. What is Sham 69 now?

Pursey: Now we're a Classic Blues-type Punk band.

RearGarde: And now you have a new album out?

Pursey: Ya we have a new album out called *Volunteer* but I didn't come out to sell an album I came out to sell an attitude. We didn't make any money on this tour.

RearGarde: What were you doing during the last break-up and this reformation?

Pursey: I did three solo albums and scratched videos. Those albums were made to say you can't box me in. I'm not a musician. I'm just basically an imaginative writer. I can't even spell properly so I can't even call myself a writer.

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell did this one.





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PHOTO: Rula

ALL

What is all. All is four young men from the Los Angeles area. All is an intense and fun Rock 'n' Roll band. All is a crazy caffeine high. All is freedom of espresso and food reform. All is ex-members of Descendants and Dag Nasty. All is "Beatles songs played by Black Sabbath after drinking too much coffee." All is Bill Stephenson (drum), Karl Alvarez (bass), Dave Smalley (voice) and Stefan Egerton (guitar). Bill, Karl (with a 'K') and Dave sat down for this interview before their show at fofounes on Nov. 4th.

RearGarde: Who, what and how old is ALL?

Bill: The band is a year old, it's Bill Stephenson, Dave Smalley, Karl Alvarez and Stefan Egerton. We are a band that plays music, we've been on tour for about a month, we consist of three people who used to be **The Descendants** and one person who used to be in **Dag Nasty** and **D.Y.S.** and that's Dave.

RearGarde: What are your musical and non-musical influences?

Dave: Everyone has very different musical influences, I'm really influenced by early American hardcore. I grew up in D.C. (Washington), so I like a lot of early D.C. bands, Boston punk bands. Bill grew up in California, but all of us have certain common bands that we like, the Ramones, the Buzzcocks, early pop-punk bands like Generation X. Besides that Stefan listens to Maharishi (?) orchestra on his walkman, and I listen to the Jam and Bill listens to Buddy Rich so everyone has different tastes.

RearGarde: Do you think it shows up in the music or are you primarily hardcore influenced?



Dave: I think it shows up in the music in a big way. We have songs as varied as *Amuse* and *Paper Tiger* on our record which are two totally different songs. We can have a pop song or a death-rock kill yourself song, or a Jam sounding song. There's definitely a lot of different influences showing up in the music.

RearGarde: Who writes the lyrics?

Dave: We all write

RearGarde: Are you a political band.

Dave: We're not overly political. I think a lot of bands who concentrate too much on being political tend to lose a lot of their power and their impact in the other ways. They lose subtlety, and originality and they lose the concentration on their music, which should be a big part of their message to change things. We're not going to tell you to go out and vote for Michael Dukakis instead of George Bush we're gonna go out and tell you to vote for Allroy, which is a cartoon character who we feel is better than anyone else running. That's our way of saying the election is a joke and it sucks but it would never show up in a song that way. We would

have a clever song or a record about a cartoon character running for president.

RearGarde: So how do you feel about a mainstream artist like Bruce Springsteen publicly singing for a Michael Dukakis?

Dave: I think it's great if you're motivated to support a candidate like that. I think it's really important for artists to have something to say and not just writing love songs twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

Bill: I don't see any purpose in cops and the people who sponsor them by playing that sort of music in the first place. I think they should all get thrown off the edge of the earth. We don't need someone playing God.

RearGarde: The band has been touring for a month, and you guys have been around the scene for a few years, do you see a change in the scene this time around, with the speed-metal thing happening for example?

Dave: We don't really have this speed metal factor. We don't really have to worry about it. Not that it's beneath our notice, it's just outside the realm of what we do.

Bill: I notice it in the way that punk rock sort of became speed metal in a sense. Speedmetal was derived out of punk rock by fashion oriented people and technically oriented people. They revised and revitalized punk rock, so that all the people who were concerned with the stylized facets of punk rock have converted to speed metal. If we had changed we would have lost a lot of audience, because we're a band that plays music and not a band that's in any fashion mode or musical mode for that matter.

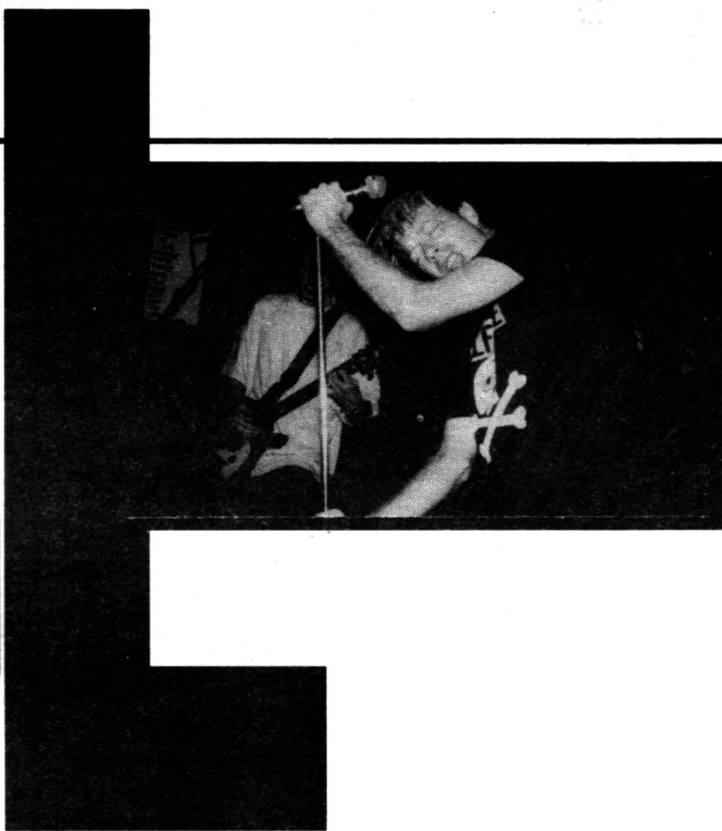
RearGarde: You've read the review of your album in our previous issue, do you think it's a fair review?

Bill: Who wrote this? (while reading review)

RearGarde: The editor himself.

Dave: I think it's a fair review. The only thing is it doesn't really comment on the lyrics at all. I think that's the danger of Pop music, that you just want to sing along and have a good time, which is certainly a part of what we're all about but the lyrics are the most important part of what I do, as a singer.

Bill: This is a pretty concise review. He's just saying he likes the record.



That's all you can say about it. Due to a lot of factors involved it doesn't tend to offend. Whether you liked it or not, you're not going to find it offensive. It doesn't seem to cause as much attitude as some other stuff.

RearGarde: So when's the Platinum Album coming out?

Bill & Dave: In March.

Karl: We're going to have our platinum album bronzed.

At this point the conversation roams quite freely. Subjects such as the Rising Sun, Ewan of Fail-Safe, classical musical training and who the interviewer looked like. Suggestions ranged from Old Dag Nasty singer to present Doughboy bassist.

RearGarde: What do you do outside of the band?

Dave: We just do a band, we're on tour

12 foot Franksteins getting their heads cut off and guys with huge ceramic cocks fucking sheep on stage. You feel really dumb following that up.

Bill: I like the Germs.

RearGarde: Who is the worst?

Karl: The Germs are both, they're the best bad band around. We've played with a lot of bad bands, but we don't want to get beaten up.

Dave: Besides, bad is relative.

RearGarde: What's the best city to play in?

Dave: It'll vary from tour to tour.

Karl: We'll do a city once and get lots of people at our show and a great reaction, then we'll go back next year and there will be 3 kids and an old man. The old man is the guy you'll hang with.

Dave: So far one of my favorite places



8 or 9 months of the year.

Bill: We do our own booking, managing and merchandising.

RearGarde: Where will you all be in 5 years?

Karl: Still in music.

Dave: I might be in the Middle East. I lived there for a year and I have friends there and some professors who want me to go back.

Bill: What will you do?

Dave: I'd be a reporter or correspondent. I'd become an Arab and dig oil wells.

Karl: You could be a mercenary!

Dave: Shhh!!

RearGarde: Whose the greatest band you've ever played with?

Karl: Black Flag. But the don't count.

Dave: I would have to say GWAR. We headlined one of their shows. They played right before us and it was like,

to play is Fayetteville Arkansas.

RearGarde: That's what the Asexuals said. What's the worst city to play in?

Karl: We're about as welcome in L.A. as a fart in an elevator.

RearGarde: O.K., If you could be any mass produced marketable toy. What would it be?

All: (pun) That's a good question.

Bill: I'd be a Tonka Truck.

Karl: I'd be an Etch a Sketch.

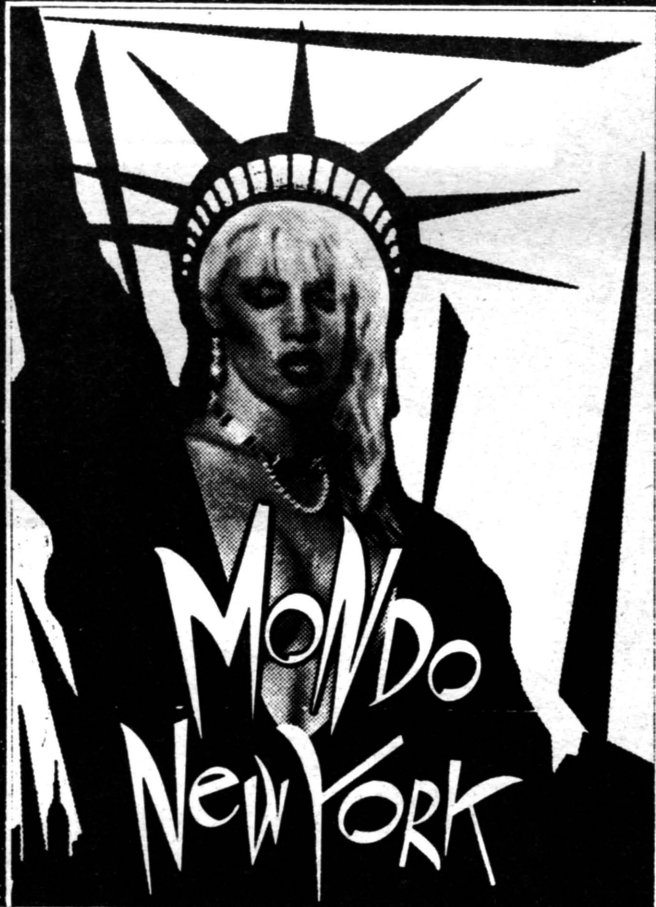
Dave: I'd be a transformer, because there's more than meets the eye.

The interview ended with a discussion of S.N.F.U.'s toy collection and asking the interviewer what toy he'd be. I just coughed and laughed my way out of it. It's more fun to ask the questions. And that's all folks!

Interview conducted by Pete Johnson - esq.



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TRAVEL CUTS
Going Your Way

Sham 69, Infamous Bastards

Foufounes

November 6

The ticket said 8 pm, but as usual things only got rolling around 10:30. (Could have something to do with the band being in jail—ed.) **Infamous Bastards** didn't quite fit the bill, sort of like having Megadeth opening up for the Beach Boys. They played a good set but the crowd participation was anything but memorable. As Chico, the lead singer sarcastically put it, "You guys have got to be the best crowd we've played for, ever!"

Around midnight, **Sham 69** finally took the stage. I had heard that they'd changed their musical style somewhat, but I figured they'd be like the U.K. Subs, playing old and new songs side by side. But the Sham 69 I saw was not the one I and many others had expected.

Gone were the days of *Angels With Dirty Faces* and *Give The Dog A Bone*. There is nothing wrong with progression, and as Jimmy Pursey (reminding me of Johnny Rotten) said to one heckler, "This is 1988 not 1978 and if you don't like it, there's the door and you can just fuck off!" Awhile later Pursey stepped off the stage to dance with the same arrogant "fan" and got punched in the face for his trouble. A riot didn't quite start.

At times it seemed that it was like Nazi Skinhead fans of the band versus the band itself, which had an attitude totally opposite to the Skins.

They did play a couple of old tunes, *If the Kids Were United* (twice), *Borstal Breakout* and *Tell Us the Truth*. They had the energy and the power, but things just didn't click between the band and the crowd.

After the show I came away feeling I had not really seen Sham 69, probably because I had built up this image of the old Sham. Every band has to move on, doing the same stuff for 15 years would get a little boring. But it was almost as if Sham 69 (or at least Pursey) was ashamed of their past, ashamed to play anything old. Maybe if they hadn't been trying so hard to put their past behind them things would have worked out better. It's too bad this great band played a show which was a disappointment for many fans and band alike.

Jolly John

Blue Rodeo

Queen's University

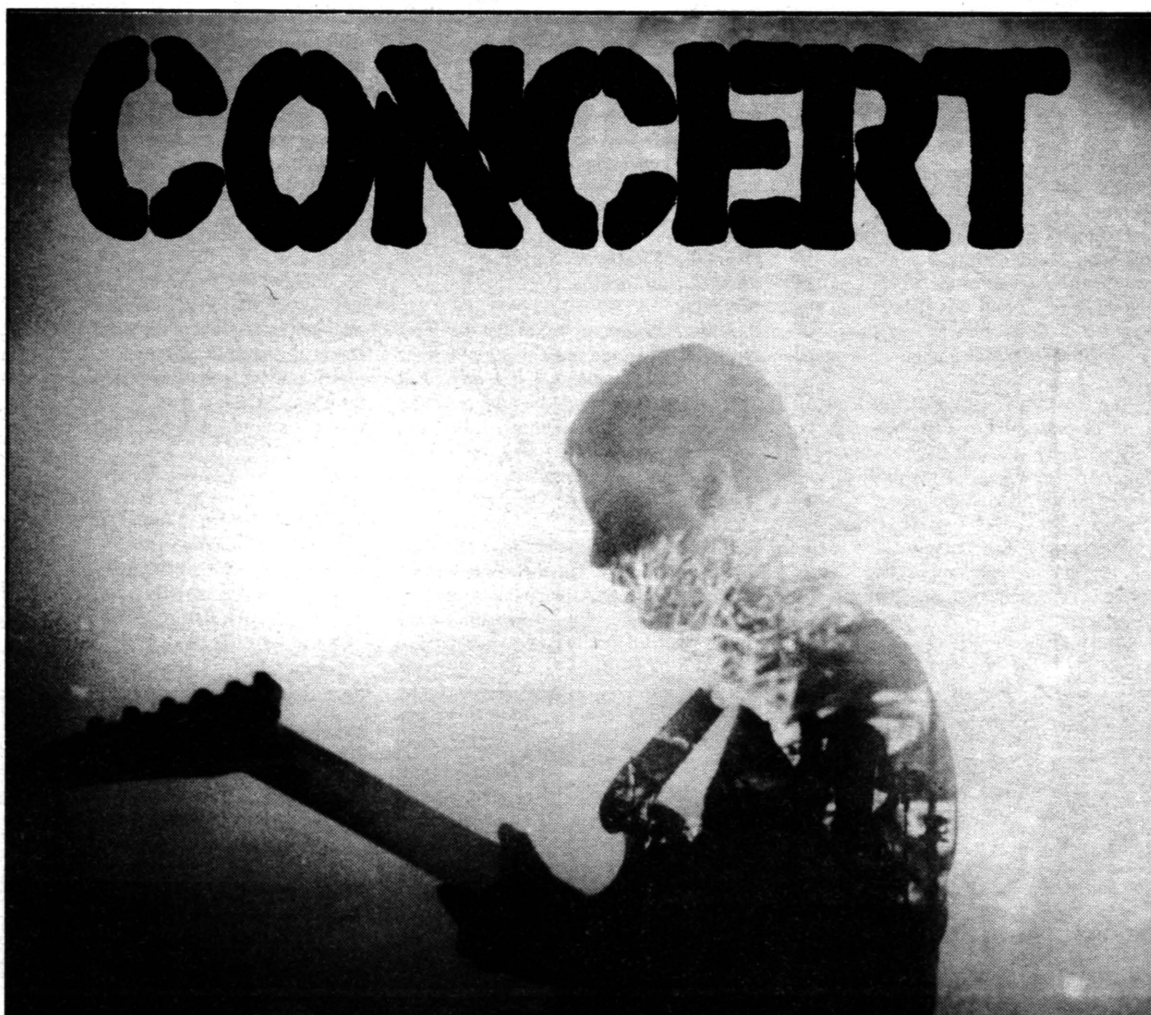
Homecoming Weekend

So here's the deal, Montreal's a great city but I had to get out. Too many people getting shot in the head y'know? So me and a pal hitch down the 401 to Kingston. Get to friends place, get beer, get more beer, "So how's it going guys?". 1. "This place sucks I'm moving back to Calgary!!" 2. "I don't know I haven't been to any classes yet." So we get properly pickled and head toward campus. Jesus!!! What a mistake. "Kill McGill." "Crush Concordia." "Bash Bishops!!" "Maim McMaster!" Get that purple stuff away from me!!! So we decide to get more beer but there's more cops than humans around for fuxake!!

Finally we get to the show. The **Rodeo's** already on stage. Good sound, I'm surprised they're not country. They sound like **B.B. King** on sulphate. Sorta power blues, but then again, maybe the sound isn't as good as I thought. Lead singer is a good frontman but it's the rest of the band that keeps driving. What's with all the stage diving? Well they must be country 'cause the lead singer just dug his spurs in someone's head. The band is tight and professional. What are they doing here? Oh yeah, big record contract. What am I doing here?! Gotta get out. They play *Outskirts*, big hit "No I don't wanna dance, stop puking on my shoes!"

Wake up next morning surrounded by beer cans, strangers and a mouthful of carpet. Never again! Get me back to Montreal. I'll take my chances with the head wounds!

P.S. Sandy & Erica, thanks for the lift! Contact me through this paper if you read



this.

Peter Johnson Esq.

The Stand, The Orphans

Station 10

October 15

I made my way into Station 10 anticipating a very rockin' garage show with the Stand and the Cynics from Pa. Much to my chagrin, the Cynics had cancelled (the door-person didn't even know they existed), so I had to make do with the Orphans. This proved to be a nightmare.

Ever had the feeling where you have been sitting watching a band and it turns out you've seen them a million times before, perhaps in a previous life or something? Anyhow the **Orphans** were the most boring, trite, dull, banal band I have seen in quite awhile. There was absolutely nothing exciting in their performance: most of the band members had no stage presence and the singer was kind of clumsy. Their music was the typical uninspiring fare performed by those rather gloomy "alternative" (don't you hate that word?) bands. Their set picked up in the last three songs, including a **Eddie Cochran** cover, but by then it was much too far beyond any hope to salvage their performance.

Next up were the **Stand**, a Ottawa-based garage quartet. Self-described as "sixties-influenced garage music without the cheesy organ", this quartet delivered the goods hard and heavy. The immediate beginning of their set was kind of lame as they did two **Gruesomes** covers, but the situation changed pretty damned fast. Their own material rocked hard and they managed to get quite a few people on the dance floor while everyone else tapped their feet in tune. These guys were fairly mobile on a tiny stage and really grooved their tunes. I have no complaints about this band except that they started much too late. Maybe if they get a bit tighter and start wearing watches they will be really awesome. Keep an eye out for these guys, you will not be disappointed.

Ribredni Rair

Hazy Azure, SC.U.M.

Some Metal Bar In Longueuil

November 13

Trevor of **Hazy Azure** doesn't want me to do a write-up of this show 'cos he thought they sucked, well, Ha! I am. Nyah, nyah, nyah. Okay, so you couldn't hear the guitar and Trevor kept fazing in and out but they were still...um...uh...pretty good. This was my first show with IG on vocals and what sharp, crisp vocals! I am impressed. I actually understood some of the words he screeched! Their new material, which doesn't seem to appeal to those who fell in love with the old stuff, has a great bluesy twist to it. Gone are the days when the boys would belt out distorted fuzz—they've graduated into "musician—hood". Watch out for *Love Song* and *Sesame St. Blues*. Wow!

Oh yeah, **SC.U.M.** played too-interesting drum solo, but one too many "pings". I didn't stay too long: had to catch the last bus back to civilization.

Wendy

Rise, Purple Toads, Fail-Safe

Foufounes Electriques

October 15

Rise came on first, but they should've been second. They were tight, loud and hard, giving the crowd a great reason for having shown up early for this show. **Rise** have been doing quite a few shows lately and are starting to make a pretty good name for themselves. So if you want to see a good hardcore show, go soon before they get bitten by the commercial bug that seems to be flying around. By the way, it's hard to not notice this band, they're the five guys which include one really big bassist.

Have you ever seen *Sesame Street*? I'm sure you have. Do you remember the skit they used to do consisting of the TV screen being divided into four sections and background lyrics of "One of these things is not like the other. One of these things just doesn't belong." Well, that's probably the same case as at the show that night. **Purple Toads** did not belong there. Half way through their first song, I knew that I wouldn't be able to take much more of them. I decided that I had had enough and went to the bar. Obviously I was not the only one who felt that way about the Purple

Toads because the bar was full. They drove us to drink! Purple Toads probably have a contract with Foufounes in order to sell more drinks.

Last and certainly best, was **Fail-Safe**. I don't know how, but these guys get better and better everytime they play. Their songs are getting faster, more tight and more numerous as time progresses. Hell of a lot of slamming at this show and fun had by all. I only wish that they had played longer.

Bad Billy

SC.U.M., Death Angel

Foufounes Electriques

October 7

Things got off to a real lousy start for the first ever speed metal show at Foufounes. Firstly Texas band **Rigor Mortis** were dropped from the bill over some dispute as to who was to open the show. No compensation was offered for this.

SC.U.M. started their set before ten o'clock when a lot of people hadn't even shown up yet and were kicked off before they were barely half way through their set. **SC.U.M.** are, how shall I say, not really SCUM anymore. Their new material is much slower and longer with metal inevitably creeping in there. Most of the old songs have been dropped, which is fine, but some of those old songs were classics of Montreal HC and SCUM are going to have to work hard if they want to win back their old fans with their new songs. SCUM are also going to have to overcome the loss of singer **Anthony Marc** who was one of the most exciting and energetic singers around. The new singer, one of the many migrating Maritimers to invade the Montreal music scene, just doesn't seem to fit. He's got this high wailing voice that bugs the shit out of me. His lame stage presence had me yawning a few times as well.

Death Angel were next. Five teenage Philipino cousins from San Francisco, who already have two major label albums under their belt. Despite the fact that it was barely eleven o'clock the singer kept apologizing that they weren't being allowed to play their whole set. It didn't matter though, these guys kill which was evident even before the show started. The whole back wall of the

stage was stacked to the roof with Marshalls. The dickbag bouncers tried in vain to keep the crowd from going completely looney as they ripped through killer tunes like *Voracious Souls*, *Mistress of Pain* and *Bored*. Mark Osegueda, the singer, kept his adoring peers happy with constant eye contact, shaking hands with as many of the kids as he could.

As predicted **Death Angel's** set was cut short but I think most were fairly pleased. The show was however very poorly organized by a promoter who should know better... or did he?

John Coinner

Kali and Dub Inc, Aswad

UQAM

September 30

England's **Aswad** performed in Montreal for the first on September 30th with Montreal's own **Kali and Dub** as opening act.

Aswad are a solid reggae and crowd band, they are a crowd band because they're always interacting with the crowd, stirring them up. Getting evrybody into the dance hall rhythms shouting "Fresh".

But they did not only do Dance Hall, they went through everything. Which leads me to my only criticism. Too many covers and not enough of their own good older material. They performed a lot of songs from their new album *Distant Thunder*, including, *Don't Turn Around* and *Give A Little Love* (a **Ziggy Marley** tune at that). Both singles have hit the British charts.

To conclude **Aswad** are solid musicians and performers. They should not be missed. Even though people who have seen them before told me they are better, they are still hot enough.

Rude Ras

Me, Mom and Morgantaler, The Vegetables

Foufounes Electriques

November 18

Due to circumstances beyond my control, I arrived late at Foufounes and by then the place was packed and **Me, Mom and Morgantaler** were booping away. I had seen them a few times before, but never have they been so energetic and tight. The crowd was a mix of all types and responded well by skanking at every tune. The accordion was a new addition (at least to my eyes) and went well with the double sax. **Me, Mom and Morgantaler** are a relatively young band, but as it is plain to see for anyone who saw them tonight will be the major forces in the Montreal Ska scene. The void left by **Double Agent** and others needs to be filled and **Me, Mom and Morgantaler** proved to be quite capable.

The Vegetables have been around the music scene for a few years but have decided to go separate ways and this was to be their last show. Once the band hit the stage evryone sweaty and drained, but it was skank or die. The **Vegetables** were at their best, and this showed on their faces and inturn in the crowds' reaction. They played their originals as well as a few covers including *Skank or Die*, which as I mentioned above seemed to sum up the night.

For the grand finale **Me, Mom and Morgantaler** (as well as a dozen other people) got up on stage and played along and danced with the **Vegetables**. As sad as it is to see a band break up, I don't think they could've ended on a better note. This concert was one of those where the bands and the crowd clicked and you come off on a high after the show, knowing underground music is alive and kicking.

Jolly John

The Action

Station 10

October 13

There used to be three of them and they used to be called the **Vee Gates**. German for something or other. Whatever. There was one demented bassist who stuck by the credo "instruments are meant to be killed."

not caressed": one chain-smoking, Bradorguzzling guitarist who lent new meaning to the term "wall of noise"; and one drummer who was perpetually hidden behind his drumset—a wise move.

To get a good idea of what their sound was like, all one had to do was imagine what would happen if REM took a lot of amphetamines, went to jam with the Sex Pistols, and played some grungy speed-surf. Or something like it. Wild bass lines. A good, fast beat. Songs with titles stolen from an assortment of English literature (Hey! Who's the intellectual?). Gothic lyrics galore... and three Russian songs, no less.

So, get this: enter guitar player Number Two, **Buddy Holly**, wow! And the now-expanded-to-four-member band calls itself The Action. Sure, why not?

The Action still do a few older Vee Gates songs—they'd better dammit!—but the main chunk of their material nowadays is slower, slightly sixties-ish, vaguely reminiscent of the Velvet Underground (that out of tune guitar was a stroke of genius, just like *Heroin*...then again, maybe someone forgot to tune up...). And they're still rockin', though not quite as drivin' as they used to be. Not as...deranged, that's it!

So anyway, to make the long story short, the band came on (three times), did their thing, and looked like they had a good time doing it.

...Nifty toons, Brador, oh-so-cool sunglasses, bass strings that needed taping down, a song called *Reggae Mortis*, a Bikers from Hell t-shirt, more Brador, Marilyn Monroe on the guitar (that's for you Mr. Editor), "Elvis is alive" on the bass, still more Brador, a bunch of chicks bopping around the dance floor, and three photographers flash-flashing away at all the action...who do these guys think they are anyway? Rock stars or something???

Rockin' Rina

Campus Radio Benefit Les Foufounes Electriques October 14

Stratejackets, the opening act were a bar-owner's dream come true: People didn't know what to make of them, so they just kept buying more beer. Riding the fine line between inspiration and imitation of **Rush**, they did please the hard-rockers that night. The problem, though, seemed to be a lack of communication with the audience. Virtually no eye contact was made, but a tight, well-rehearsed set was evident. Glued to their spots, and probably scared to death, these newcomers did stick to their guns and play their genre of rock 'n' roll. So take of those straightjackets guys, and loosen up.

Saving the concert that was by now choking on its own visual monotony, **Heimlich Manoeuver** lived up to their namesake. The audience didn't have to try to like them. By the second number, they had created an entity and charisma all their own. Releasing a soaring amount of energy, they continued to belt out raunchy punk-pop that startled everyone awake. By now, the people were lined up at the door anxious to see the eclectic mixture of music scrambled together in the name of independent radio.

Jellyfish Babies were a smash! Apparently the five-dollar admission charge wasn't so steep after all. Their style warmed up the room as the leather-clad masses happily slam-danced into each other. The impressive lead vocals compensated for the huge amounts of distortion surging through the amplifiers.

Benefit cause aside, **UIC** lived up to their powerful reputation, contributing a *raison-d'être* for the concert itself. Leaping into the audience, off and around the stage, the lead singer set the show ablaze! Fights broke out from uncontrollable dancing. Needless to say, the concert was a huge success.

Rowdy would be an understatement in describing the events of that Friday night.. Each band had at least one member wearing

the trademark bleached 'n' ripped jeans. Whether a broken nose or just sore feet, everyone went home with something to remember it by.

Sonja Chichak

Yellowman Club Soda October 30

Definitely one of the top reggae shows this year. Although it may come as a surprise that he is one of the world's ugliest human beings and it was rather shocking, once I closed my eyes and let the music envelop me, there was nothing more beautiful.

The crowd was raging and dancing all night despite the fact that there was no opening band and that the back-up band **Sagittarius** did not look too thrilled.

Yellowman teased the crowd with his arrogance and foul mouth. He kept on promoting the size of his member and its potency, throwing the crowd into fits of laughter, although I can see how it might upset some people. It was all in good-natured fun though and that was the general

ambience of the whole evening.

The music was excellent, the sound was good and his voice was amazing. This man has an incredible voice. I would recommend for anyone—reggae fan or not—to go see Yellowman and go beyond the normal glitzy concert hype to just enjoy some really beautiful music.

Rula

Overkill, Motorhead, Slayer Verdun Auditorium November 14

It was stated on my ticket that the doors for this show would open at 7:30pm. Now who woulda thought that if I arrived at 8:30pm **Overkill** would be long over and **Motorhead** well into their set! Taberfuck-innac!! Anyone who has read my articles before in this mag knows where I stand in regards to **Motorhead**: They rule, OK?! Lemmy is God, etc.

Here in Verdun, not only did I miss their first 3 or 4 songs, but they only played another 4 or 5. And the sound absolutely sucked! Anyway, they were still fuckin' Great! They did mostly newer stuff like *Eat*

The Rich and Orgasmatron and finished with *Killed by Death* and *Ace of Spades*. I don't care how many times they play these tunes; they still kick serious ass. **Motorhead Rules!** Lemmy is God, etc..

A few beers and other unmentionable stimulants later (nothin' like a good party on a Monday night) **Slayer** came onstage to the slow and evil rumble of the beginning bass chords to their newest anthem *South of Heaven*. By the time the tune was fully winding out, the sound was loud and clear and the kids had already begun the thrashin' madness at the front of the stage. Everyone else was screamin and goin wild cuz this tune was even more incredible live than on the album, which is hard to believe! Totally fuckin' cranium—ripping, skull—crushin' death!

My fave **Slayer** album is the new one and I was pleased they did lots of stuff from it. *Mandatory Suicide* completely blew me a—way! *Spill the Blood* had me leapin' all over the place and spilling my beer. I think they also did *Read Between the Lines* and it was HOT!

Thankfully the sound was much im-

proved for **Slayer** and it didn't sound half bad in that barn. **Slayer** laid down and burned up a relentless thrash—speed—metal attack and left most customers satisfied. Smoke was still comin outta everyone's ears as they left the arena.

Zippy

Campbells, Drones Station 10 November 17

Kinda reminds me of **R.E.M.** and the **Replacements** (Oh, I'm talking 'bout the **Campbells** by the way). Really summery and boppy and hokey (says drummer Bruce) kind of music...one finds themselves doing evil things as toe tapping and mild head bopping to that **Campbells** sound. The crowd was wild I tell you. OK maybe they weren't, but enthusiastic applause followed each song. Bruce sang some songs and he has a raw, raunchy kind of voice. Matt, the guitarist sang some songs and he has a softer, more melodic voice. Dom, the bassist, sang one song and whistled on another, interesting, huh? What contrast. Personal faves are *Summer Vacation* and *That Girl*. But what do you care what I think, see for yourself.

Next up were the **Drones**. I heard they were supposed to go first. Anyways, they were kinda like the **Campbells**, but more raunchy. Anyways, they were kinda like if the **Gruesomes** went top 40 (not meant as an insult). Yeah, so I went, I saw, I left.

Wendy

One Free Fall, Chinese Backwards Le Tycoon November 11

One of Toronto's best kept secrets is a hot rock'n'roll band called **One Free Fall**. Each time they play here they accumulate more fans. They're not playing a totally new style of rock but, as they say in show biz, it's all in the delivery. And these cats is wild! They're a cross of **AC/DC** and early **Stooges**. They also sound like a bluesy—metal version of the **New York Dolls**. We're talkin total trash! All this comparison bullshit should give you a picture of what I'm talkin about.

The big factor here is the guitar gymnastics of the young Sandy Graham. He's got a huge stack of amps and plays with his head twistin', hair flyin', running all over the stage, bouncing off the walls, rolling on the floor, playing behind his back and all the while guitar screaming in a Hendrix—like profusion of feedback, reverb, face—peeling, fret—burning mania. I've never seen anything quite like it!

In between the outbursts of this guitar psychopath are the catchy verses of the songs delivered by a gruff—scratchy—voiced wildman vocalist.

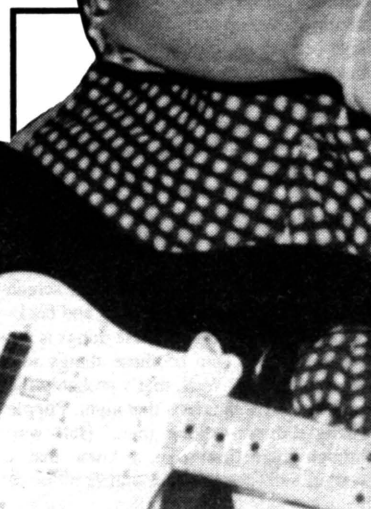
The drums and bass are solid and basic but effective. Highlight of their set was a guest appearance by **Groovy Religion** singer William New (he seems to have the same vocal style and hairdresser as the singer of **One Free Fall**). All compositions are their own and believe me, jack—you be hearin' more about these fellows real soon!

After a rockin set from these boys, locals **Chinese Backwards** had to rise to the occasion and they did. One of the more lively shows I've seen by them. It was an uncharacteristically loose and kickin' set with which they responded. They hit hard and fast with three consecutive sounds. Their sound in general seemed much hastier and aggressive than usual with screeching guitar leads mixed way up front. The band themselves seemed to be having a very good time and it reflected well on the crowd.

They seemed to be having fun with their material and even got into some spontaneous jamming. This added an extra edge to their performance which, at previous shows, tended to be a little stiff.

It was a great night for screamin'-loud guitars and good-time rock'n'roll. A whole lotta fun for four bucks cover charge!

Zippy



The Drones (PHOTO: Rula); U.I.C. (PHOTO: Sonja Chichak); The Action (PHOTO: Rockin' Rina).

PHOTO: Twilight

False Prophets are definitely not your typical hardcore band. Seeing them live is a striking experience both musically and visually. The show centers around singer Stephen Lelpi, who has really long black fingernails, a nose ring, and an unevenly cut mustache. He makes use of a bunch of stage props which include a Ronald Reagan mask, a plastic baseball bat and a bird cage which he wears on his head. Other band members include Tom on drums, Steve on guitar, Debra on guitar and keyboards, Anthony on bass and Heather on violin. They recently played Fofounes where I had a chance to chat with them before the show.

RearGarde: What do you think of the New York music scene at the moment?

Debra: There's some good bands out of the area we're from, the lower east side, like Ritual Tension, Rat at Rat R and Prong. There's a new kind of post hardcore movement, I guess.

RearGarde: Is that what you classify yourself as, post hardcore?

Debra: We're pre, during and after hardcore.

RearGarde: Unlike most hardcore bands you seem to have a whole lot of different musical influences. For instance you have a violin player in the band and on your last album you have a lot of guest musicians who play things like saxophone and synthesizers.

Steve: I think it's inevitable that the form starts to open up after a while. Like somebody figures out there's more than three chords, you know.

Debra: Not that three chord songs aren't great if they're done right.

Anthony: It's a good way to reach other ethnic groups. Now we do a reggae song and a funk song. If you play one kind of music you reach one kind of people.

Stephen: We're really after meeting this group of people called human beings, we heard so much about them. It's just that they have this nasty habit of creating these devices they don't know how to control like nuclear weapons.

Steve: We're not fascist so if your band politics are any way democratic or open then it's inevitable that people start bringing other things in, that they start to open up.

RearGarde: What kind of audiences do you get at your shows and how do they react to these different musical styles?

Stephen: We sometimes get the rep that we're gonna come in and thrash up the joint and then when we offer this kind of musical shmorgusboard of different music, you get people who maybe in front of their peers don't wanna say I kinda liked that folk part or kinda liked that jazz part, they say it kind of off to the side. But at least they said it, at least they admit it to themselves that they're ready to open up and that's what we're after.

RearGarde: Do some people have a negative reaction to that, having women on stage?

Debra: I've never had any really negative reactions. I've had a couple of negative reactions from some individual women in the hardcore scene, more to do with my looks being not as uniform as they would like but other than that, not anything too bad. A lot have been real supportive. A lot of women get really excited about it too.

RearGarde: I could understand that. I mean women playing hardcore isn't something you see everyday.

Debra: Sure, women have more to be angry and pissed off about than men do at this point, they should be picking up their guitars and playing.

Tom: At least once a month.

Steve: There's not a whole lot of women around with a left hand that can crush a Volkswagen, you know.

Debra: Very funny.

Stephen: You know, it starts with just music bringing out the variety within and pretty soon it starts showing in your everyday life. You might talk to a person that you

wouldn't think you'd talk to before.

Tom: Take a chance on someone new today.

Debra: I feel you've got to hold down the variety in the music with soul and rhythm, otherwise you turn into a lousy fusion band. That's my biased opinion.

RearGarde: So you don't want to be a fusion band.

Stephen: We're a confusion band.

Debra: The music that I love the most is basic blues and that is what some people call the most boring form of music you'll hear but God it's just great.

RearGarde: Yeah, I'd say blues is probably the most emotional form of music. I mean it really comes from the heart.

Debra: To me that's the most important thing in music.

Steve: You have to go back to the ancestors. Although it is definitely blues influenced, I don't think of this as blues. I think of it sort of as electric celtic music.

RearGarde: I have to admit I never really thought of your music as being blues.

Heather: By having all the different instruments, it affects the kind of sound that's coming out.

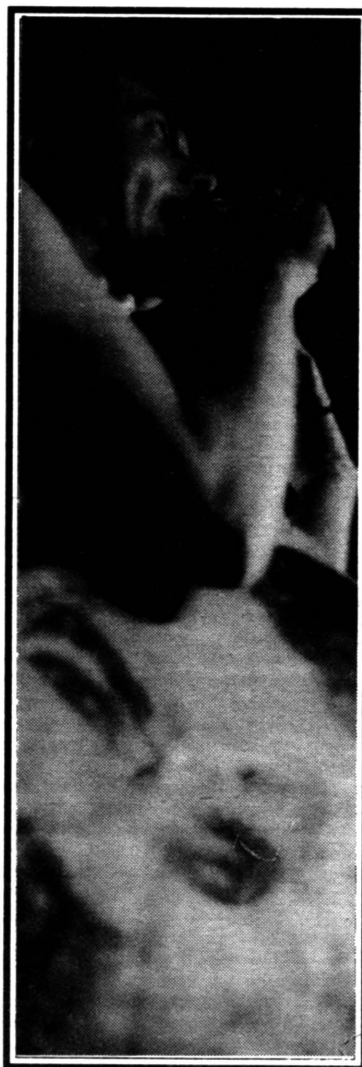
RearGarde: I think it's interesting that you play violin. What kind of musical training do you have?

Heather: Classical

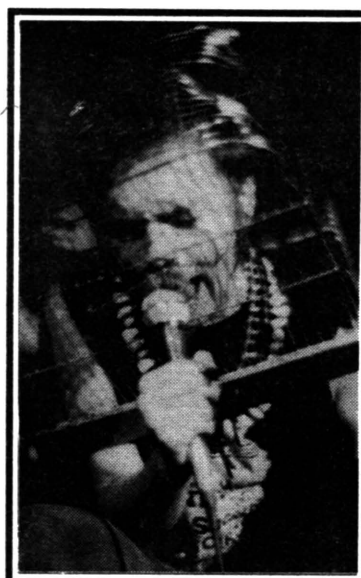
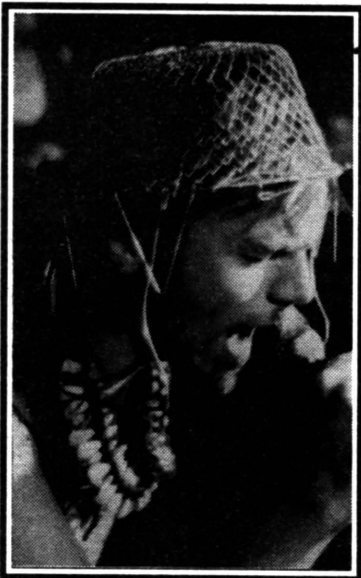
RearGarde: Do you still like classical music?

Heather: Sure, this has got that same energy. It's more exciting than a lot of small groups, its got that full sound.

Stephen: Didn't Amadeus tell you Mozart



Led Astray By The



was a punk?

Heather: Did you ever see pictures of him?
RearGarde: You guys have a very unique appearance. You don't look like any other band, especially Stephen here. Are those fingernails real or what?

Tom: He doesn't know, he never looks in the mirror.

Stephen: Let me tell you our new mascot now. False Prophets' new mascot is a hundred and sixteen year old Balinese artist named Gustinyoman Lempad. He lived in Bali and he only would show off his major works of art on a high holy day in Balinese culture in which the sun and the volcano are at their closest annual point. And he had nails this long and when people used to ask him that question, he would say that his powers extended beyond his physical body. Now I'm not going to get as hoity toity as that but what we're trying to do which I think I can say for everybody here, even though they may have better hygiene than I do is that we're trying to reach out and grab everything we can get, every little nuance of life that we can possibly hold on to.

Anthony: I'd like to make a comment. Because the second album (*Implosion*) had like saxophones, people were saying and magazines had writeups which were saying the False Prophets sold out. It's really a joke because if they know anything about their musical history, in the 1940's and 30's, the saxophone was considered one of the most rebellious instruments and was frowned upon by the classical snobs, and now the punk scene has become snobbish.

Steve: I've just joined the band. I've been in

the band for like a month. We were playing these clubs and I ran into a couple of kids in the clubs and they'd say "Oh yeah, the second album is over produced". It's like this thing they'd pass around, they don't really think about it. It's just a knee jerk reaction. It's because its different. That's how you survive in the arts because overspecialization leads to extinction.

Anthony: They want us to tape the third album on this tape recorder.

Stephen: The loudest scream doesn't come from the voice, it comes from the heart and if you don't let it out it will keep you up all night. So there just comes a time in everyone's life where they either have to open up themselves naked to the people around them and let the voice be heard, or for the rest of their life they can just sit on a bar stool or sit up in their bed at night saying "I should have done that".

Steve: This is a canadian magazine?

RearGarde: Yes it's based here in Montreal.

Steve: We might be moving up here because they now have a contingency plan in the United States to suspend the constitution which was beginning to be examined by the Iranscam hearings in congress and they were told not to examine it. They actually have a plan to round up hundreds of thousands of Americans and put them in prison camps and suspend the constitution. The excuse is, you know, drugs, aids or illegal immigrants.

RearGarde: How did you find out about it.

Steve: On the TV. The story leaked out.

Nobody cares.

Debra: Let's put it this way, in the presidential debates the other night between candidate Dukakis and Bush, Bush's big idea about what to do with the homeless is to house them on army base camps.

Steve: Now they're doing the classic Gestapo move which is they're making the army involved in the war on drugs. Now there's two elements to this. One is that we now have a national police force, i.e. Gestapo. The second thing is that the army is the biggest drug dealer in the western hemisphere. The body bags of Americans killed in Viet Nam were used to smuggle heroin into this country.

RearGarde: How did you get this information, the television again?

Steve: There's something in the United States called the Freedom of Information Act. If something's on paper and you want it you can get it. They may edit it. They may delete sentences from it but you can get it and that is the only thing that's keeping this whole fuckin' democracy from being a total joke. George Bush is the biggest cocaine dealer in the world.

RearGarde: How do you explain that?

Steve: Because in order to finance a war you can't go to congress and say "We want to overthrow the government of Chile, give us 15 billion dollars". But you can go to the dope dealers and say "We'll cut you a break if you give us 15 billion dollars". And that's what happened, they dealt dope. They created a secret air force. The U.S. government employees were dealing dope on an international scale. The same people who were flying heroin out of Indo China are now flying heroin and cocaine out of Central America. The U.S. government deals dope.

RearGarde: If you could be any mass produced marketable toy, what would you be?

Debra: I'd like to be a glider.

Heather: I want to be one of those paddle balls. You know you have a ball attached to a paddle at the end of a rubber band.

Stephen: Either, I want to be an erector set so you can always keep constructing things, or a big ball of clay because you can always reinvent the shape that you're in or a chemistry set so that you can mix all the nuances of the world together to become one beautiful foaming explosion, or I want to be a Barbie doll so I can get all these neat cars and clothes and stuff.

Interview conducted by Selim Sora



Rumble on the Beach.

You read about it in last issue and I went to see it for this issue. The *International Festival of Independent Music*. What do you do when 124 bands are playing in 18 different venues over 5 nights? Go see as many as possible of course.

I got in late Thursday night and caught the **Throbulators** from what I believe is Upstate New York and **Rumble On The Beach** from Bremen, West Germany.

The **Throbulators** were the beginning on this Rockabilly double bill but I only caught the last couple songs. They were more of a straightforward 50's style. Not very memorable and they even looked bored themselves. Maybe they weren't too pleased with being the opening band but the audience kinda responded in the same way.

Rumble on the Beach was a completely different story. Once they started I knew they were not going to be a traditional Rockabilly band. Rumble

is from West Germany and they ran through a slick, fast-paced set of standards such as *Memphis*, originals and weird covers such as **Elton Motello's** *Jet Boy Jet Girl* and **Prince's** *Purple Rain*.

This four piece sang in English as is so common for European bands and play Rockabilly the way it should be, stripped down and with a sense of humour. If ever in Bremen look them up.

Down the street to check out **Half Japanese**, only the last few songs though. They are not my kind of music but they are certainly a lot of other people's kind of music. Their 60's flashback stuff is just not my speed. Watching them on stage made me think I was at the Fillmore West about twenty years ago; glad I wasn't.

Honestly I thought the whole psychedelic revival thing had died out and we would never have to run into bands like this. Ok, I admit they kinda

moved me but that was only to the bar to get some more beer. If you like tie-dyeing and beatnik poets then Half Japanese just might be God. Man, I hate Ashbury.

The next night was literally a dash around Toronto in search of intelligible life, beer and music but not in that order. Did you ever notice that in Toronto the bars charge prices like \$2.95 or \$3.15 for beer? Why don't they just round it off?

After smacking down a couple of those \$2.50 sausages they sell on the street (there's a reason to go to Toronto) I caught Juno award winners **Prairie Oyster**.

Prairie Oyster was a traditional country act that could fit in best at J. R.'s Country Palace as well as any band that plays there every week. They were obvious local favourites judging by the the dancefloor which was filled all night. Included in their line-up was the obligatory fiddle player who threw in a Ben Johnson joke, something to the effect that **Prairie Oyster** had to return their Juno due to the fact that they tested positive for Coors Light.

On that note out the door to the **Cameron** to check out the recommended **Daddy Shepherd and Rosi Fan Tutti**. With very few people in the place this local 5 piece was dull at best. The drummer seemed to have problems staying on his seat and was the obvious focal point even though he was at the back of the stage.

Their music could best be described to Devo at times but not to Devo at other times. The thing that threw it off most often was the wailing saxophone that screeched, snorted and snorkled into my ears. They were interesting but couldn't sustain my interest beyond a few songs.

Out the door to **Slithers** at Bathurst and Queen. With the new set-up at this club they've now made it a more attractive place for bands to play and an even more attractive place for people to watch bands play. At least the bar doesn't look like a strip joint anymore.

Besides the last song of Toronto's **Cottage Industry**, and the first five or six songs of Boston's **Cavedogs**, I didn't stay very long. The **Cavedogs** were a trio that mixed the Modness of the **Jam** with the raunchiness of the 60's garage rock. The two Rickenbackers gave away the **Jam** influences but the music avoided the trappings of 60's Moddom i.e. Motown.

The full **Slithers** didn't take away from the energy of the night that was furnished by the band but I still had to get out and check out **Carlos Perron** who can be found somewhere else on this page.

On the way to Carlos Perron I checked in to see how the headliner for **Prairie Oyster** (**Greg Kroll**) was doing. Talk about hype, this guy is supposed to have written "memorable pop songs" and had Joe Jackson's band play on his first album. I wonder if that's the musician Joe Jackson or the

K-tel's Greatest: The Look People

Jamyz Bee of the **Look People**. Not your average fellow, at least on the outside. Bee wears clothes that are gaudy, umm... unfashionable, umm... different. Ya, that's it, fashionable or differently fashionable. Anyways, Jamyz Bee is one half of the duo that make up the core of the international recording artists **Look People**, who are now based out of Toronto. Together with the Great Bob Scott, Bee has caused mayhem and thrilled crowds throughout Central Europe and Canada.

Look People has had problems with keeping band members, excluding of course the Great Bob Scott. "Other members change because they can't handle us—we're too crazy. Our partners were mostly European and they have a different way and aren't used to starving," explains Bee. "Now we are looking for a bassist and a keyboardist who are like us and free of commitment, but it'll be hard."

To date, the **Look People** have released an EP and a 45 on K-tel records in Europe. K-Tel? "K-Tel in Canada and the United States went bankrupt," explains Bee. "But in Europe they're still putting out compilations, but they wanted a new image so they signed us. They made this nice TV commercial for us, but never got our product to stores. So finally I gave them an ultimatum to get the records in the stores by a certain date or I'd find a loophole in the contract, so we got out of it with some money. The problem they had was that they had never worked with a band like us so they missed a few points in the contract."

Probably the group's best known song is *Stop Making Cheese* from their EP. That song has to do with the situation in Switzerland more than anything else.

"*Stop Making Cheese* is a novelty song, not a rip-off of the Talking Heads' *Stop Making Sense*," says Bee. "How that song got written was when we were based in Switzerland and I was walking back to the hotel thinking about sheep and Swiss women and how hard it is to date them (I think he means the Swiss women). Because they're always working and because the guys are all business types, I think it must be hard for them to connect (I think he still means the Swiss women). The reason I wrote the song was for the Swiss to stop working—stop making cheese—let's go out and have a little fun."

The other half of **Look People** (the Great Bob Scott) was not around, but is quite unique himself. He's a renowned exhibitionist and the location doesn't seem to bother him when he decides to drop his pants. "In Zurich we were playing in the street and he would take off his clothes and we would make three hundred bucks in an hour, no hassles at all," says Bee.

Future plans for the **Look People** include some recording. But first, to get finances, they'll have to impress a couple of friends of theirs. "We are now recording a lot with **Yello**, and H.R. Geiger, who did the set designs for *Alien*, is ready to help us out, but first we'll have to convince him we have the product that'll sell in Europe. That could be difficult," sighs Bee.

Baseball player.

Kroll was boring, dull and sang no memorable pop songs in my mind. I had to give up on him within fifteen minutes. In fact I probably wasn't the only one who had done this. The packed club for **Prairie Oyster** was now a smattering of people who looked like they were dozing off. Some people may show potential but they should do more to try and live up to it.



Jamyz Bee.

Carlos Perron at the **Rivoli**, ok so I know nothing about this guy except that he's in some band called **Yello** and that he doesn't do any **Buddy Holly** songs. All I see are two guys in front in leather, one with his balls hanging out of his leather jockstrap, and Mr. Perron in the back behind his maze of synthesizers, samplers, lights and switches.

Besides the obvious comparisons to late 70's Disco, the Industrial sounds were coming through loud and clear thanks to the great sound system. Most memorable line of the night from any song was "I hate the Pet Shop Boys". You sort of have to hear it to really get the whole force of the message. Believe me I really was surprised by this

Carlos Perron

Yello? Yello? Anyone Home?

Not knowing Carlos Peron from anybody else on Queen Street, or his music for that matter, it was a bit of a challenge to interview this guy. Peron has been a major figure in dance clubs in Europe and North America and on radio in Northern Europe. Peron has performed on his own and as part of the group **Yello**. To put his success in perspective, Peron tells me that "every housewife in Germany listens to Yello."

To give you some background on what his music sounds like, it's different. He has done some sampling ("before samples were popular") and tape loops to make his music. "We were a tape loop band. Like British DJ's in the 50's and Stockhausen in the 60's we used tape loops," explains Peron.

Peron credits Anthony Moore with showing him how to use the tape loops, "he taught me how to throw tapes together and see what happens." Anthony Moore is now a co-writer with such diverse acts as **Pink Floyd** and **Paul Young**.

To get his sounds Peron will go to just about any lengths. "I search for my samples in an extreme way, like a slaughterhouse or a steel plant. I now have 2,000 addresses in my library where I have gone to sample digitally."

To begin with, Peron had other influences before he started making the music he's now doing. "I started out with a rock 'n' roll band but I was always off-tune. I quit and went to the music store and bought myself some synthesizers and went on my own. I imitated Kraftwerk at first and then started **Yello** in 1976."

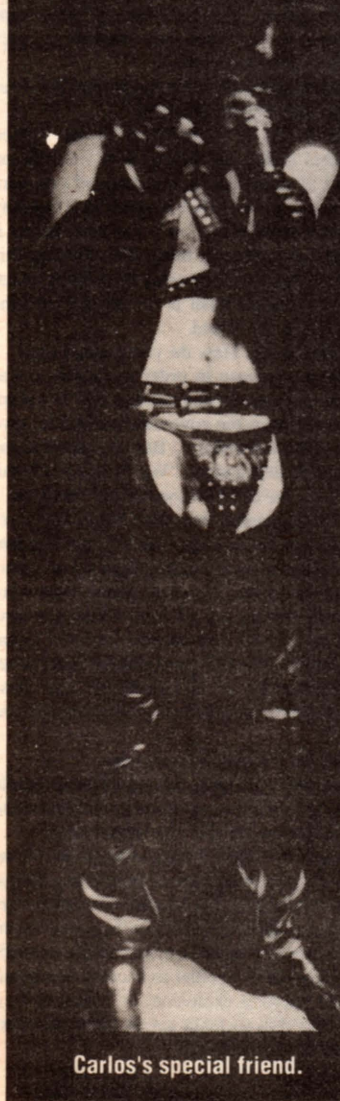
At the time they were fans of such diverse groups as 999, Vangelis and Herbie Hancock. To begin with they had dreams of some sort of stardom so they made their way to the United States. "We made our way to Ralph Records in San Francisco. They were so astonished they gave us a contract and we waited two years to sign it." Since that time Peron has released 7 LP's and many 12 inch remixes. Also Peron has released four 12-inch mixes as a solo artist. At the end of the year he'll be releasing his next project which will be with the musician of **Yello**, Boris, and he promises to go back to their roots.

Peron at home listens to all sorts of music but his favourite seems to be Classical. "When I drink lots of alcohol I listen to thrash and speed metal. I'm searching for a band of that type to add samples to." Peron plans to start a label called Eisenberg and put some Technotrash, Speed-metal and funk disco on it.

Future plans for Peron are varied yet not boring by a long shot. He gets most of his ideas from dreams he has, so they might not be all that strange if you come to think of it. "I had a dream to do Hawaiian pop songs with Yma Sumac and I wrote her a letter. You can imagine slide guitar, heavy strings, her voice, the sea, the wind and that'll be the picture."

He also plans on doing an opera with 1,000 answering machines and they'll all produce sounds. "I'll need two million dollars to do it at the opera house in Zurich."

Finally he also plans to do a show on the Himalayas and the first demo in outer space. The Himalayas project he is working on. Actually that might not be too far off as he is already in the Guinness Book of World Records for the highest concert ever, "it was 2,500 metres in the air in the Alps and it was in a restaurant in front of 500 people."



Carlos's special friend.

Jr. Gone Wild Survive Line-up Changes and...

Life Without Gretzky

The problem with interviewing bands that have already been interviewed in *RearGarde* is that they're always expecting questions about home appliances, vegetables, toys or some other silly object. After much discussion about car parts by the members of **Junior Gone Wild** I was able to relax to an interview over beer and old beer caps. **Junior Gone Wild** had performed one night of the festival with Boston's **Titonics**.

Since last year, Edmonton's **Junior Gone Wild**, has had two line-up changes and they're sound has changed slightly, "now it's like if Bob Dylan and Neil Young were in the early Rolling Stones," says lead singer Mike Macdonald, "our music's defined, our country songs are more country and our rock songs are more rockier," adds bassist Dove. The main reason for the change is the loss of their previous guitar player, "he made all of our songs sound like Roger McGuinn so now that he's left the band he's taken Roger McGuinn with him. Thank god," adds Macdonald.

On this their second scattered Eastern tour not only did they get in the festival and a couple of dates in Montreal but they also managed to fit in some sessions for the CBC. Their time in the CBC studios seemed to have been cut due to some overzealous security guards and of course this brought on the recurring union jokes. "We ran into trouble because the coffee stirrer union guy was on his coffee break and we couldn't stir the sugar and cream," says Mike, "they gave us the circle jerk," adds Duke the drummer, "and of course the guy from the circle jerk union wasn't there," ends Mike.

They are no strangers to the CBC; last year on *Brave New Waves* one night the members of **Junior Gone Wild** extorted beer money from the host. Macdonald let me know how it felt to get public funds for his beer habit, "I was walking down the street after he gave us the money to buy beer just extolling the beauty of being in Canada and that the Prime Minister gave us \$20 for beer. If the taxpayer only knew their tax money got us drunk."

Two things the band was evasive about was how they got into the festival, "he's going to be the first one against the wall when the revolution comes," and the prospects for a new album. "Evasive, who us? We'll talk about the next album," says Macdonald. Ok, are you signed to anybody? "We don't want to talk about it."

The trendy news stories at the time were the Wayne Gretzky trade and the Ben Johnson/steroid fiasco. Being a band from Edmonton in Toronto they had opinions on both, you figure out which answer belongs to which story. "It wasn't a trade, it was a sale" (new guitarist Jerry). "Carl Lewis Inc. did it" (Dove). "I don't care, it was too bad though because Janet Jones was going to move to Edmonton and she's a fabulous babe and I was hoping to run into her." (Mike). " " (Duke).

B4 Nothing Small Town Talent

A band from Leichtenstein, come on you're joking. But here they are: Rico, Tom, Nick & Mike—4/5ths of **B4 Nothing**. The day after a well-received show at the *Copa* we settled down for a couple Canadian beers and plenty of questions about their home areas.

For 2 years **B4 Nothing** have spread their punny name throughout Northern Europe and have released one EP in that time. This coming spring they will be releasing their first full-length album.

As of now most of the members of the band live in Switzerland because they feel, "that Leichtenstein is just too small." To do a show in Leichtenstein they "rent a room and have a party, we play once a year and that's enough," says Rico.

One problem they do have in Switzerland is the lack of good producers. "We have a lot of good studios but at the end of the recording session it sounds like what the producer wants and not what we want," says Tom.

Venues for **B4 Nothing** in Switzerland are not too much of a problem, but one major venue they have played is called the *Rat Factory*. According to Tom, the *Rat Factory* is the biggest alternative venue in Europe. The *Rat Factory* is not privately owned, in fact it is owned by the state and regularly loses one million dollars a year. "The reason it was set up," says Tom, "was because the young started to riot and it was starting to get out of control so they said have this building and put on shows."

The members of **B4 Nothing** seemed a bit shocked that I would suggest that they sing in their native language instead of English. "To me the best language to sing this music is English."

They then went on to give me examples of local acts that don't sing in English and they were trying to show me how popular they had gotten in Swiss-German. Hopefully I'll spell these names right, "there's **Paolo Hower** who sings in rock 'n' roll in Swiss-German," says Rico, "he's been around for 20 or 25 years and this was the first year he's made it into the charts. He's always been around, like an old church."

Another example was a band called **Bob** who are big in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland and sing in an old-fashioned German dialect and then there's the Swiss version of **Rick Astley** called **Bo Lutzman**. Maybe next year we'll see him here.

INDEPENDENTS

MOLSON CANADIAN
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF INDEPENDENT MUSIC

show and this is just not my style.

Over the weekend there were seminars going on ranging from How to Start Your Own Labels to Demos Do's and Don'ts to Video to Contracts to Management among others. I caught a few of these seminars and was impressed with most of them. One glaring exception was the Tuning Into Radio seminar, which was basically a chance for everybody to talk about their careers and achievements for most of the seminar. Things only got rolling around the last fifteen minutes of the seminar but by then it was too late.

The seminars seemed to run off without a hitch and this was the chance to be able to speak to some big names in the Independent music industry (agents, tour bookers, producers, musicians etc...). They all seemed to be accessible after each seminar and were all willing to share some of their tips to members of bands in the audience. This part of the festival I felt to be the strongest and best organized.

Back to the live shows, this night I only caught two bands, the **Rheostatics** from Toronto who put on one of the best shows I have ever seen and the **Crawlin' Kingsnakes** from London, Ont.

The **Rheostatics** were up to their usual goofing

around including guitarist Dave Bidini's Mountie costume. While now they seem to ignore their only album, excluding one song and a re-worked version of the *Ballad of Wendel Clark* (this time Rap), their new stuff has more of a Neil Young touch to it rather than their old eclecticism.

The **Rheostatics** were doing their last show before heading off on their three week/eight show tour. In a pre-concert interview Bidini explains the reasoning into why they got these shows in Ireland, "the Irish tend to take interest in someone else taking an interest in their country. Right now in Ireland they are having the greatest boom in popular culture in ten years." If they do as well in Ireland as they did tonight at the Rivoli they'll be invited back soon.

Closing out the festival for bands for me was the **Crawlin' Kingsnakes** from London who again played to a small yet lively crowd at the **Cameron House**. The problem with the **Cameron** I think is that locals only use it as a place to stop by on their way to another show, so in a situation like this not many people are willing to pay a higher cover than usual to see a band here. Just a thought.

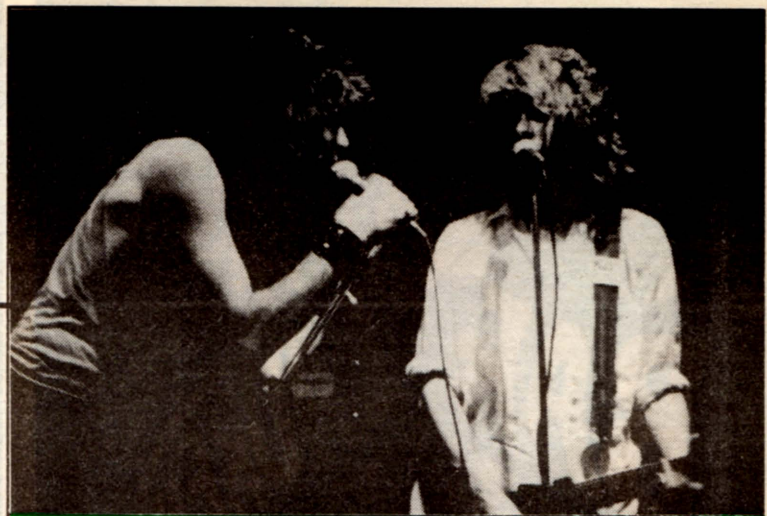
The audience warmly received the **Kingsnakes** who blasted their way through two raucous sets of

Cowpunk inspired Country, Blues, and just plain R'n'R. Like the **Rheostatics** this was their last show in Toronto before heading off to another country but in this case they were on their way to Boston to record their first album.

On that note I did the best I could and saw as many bands as I could and even managed to fit in a few interviews, hopefully I was/will be able to

get you into the spirit of what happened that week in late September.

All stories by Warren 'Mr. Wonderful' Campbell. All Photos by Glenn Thompson.



The Crawlin' Kingsnakes.

Warren Cosford

Making Waves

On the radio panel of the seminar the moderator was Warren Cosford, the General Manager of WDRE in New York that bills itself as Top 40 Punk. In the past Cosford has been program director of CHUM-FM in Toronto and has produced radio documentaries.

Cosford is quite cynical when it comes to Canadian radio, but he sings the praises of American radio during an interview I did with him after his seminar. "There are no rules in the States but there are too many rules in Canada, I listen to the radio and everybody tries to sound like CHUM-FM. They find they can make more money as the #3 or #4 station in the 25+ range than they can in the 18-24 range as the #1 station. The problem now is that there is a homogenization of the media, too much sounds the same."

When comparing the governing bodies of radio in the two countries, Cosford explains that "when we got our license in the States the criteria was explained in detail, we knew who we had to be to have a reasonable chance to win the channel. The quarrel I have with the CRTC is that the criteria is never really explained in advance."

WDRE is a small power station in the Manhattan market with only a radius of 15 miles, it covers 1/3's of Manhattan. In a market of 42 stations, WDRE is now 20th. As for the chances of it getting much higher in the ratings, "not a helluva lot higher," according to Cosford, "not with our low power. But what we offer advertisers is that 53% of our listeners don't listen to other stations."

One of the innovations that Cosford had brought to WDRE was the making of a record on the radio. "During the last New Music Seminar on the allnight show I went out and talked to some friends of mine. We went out and found a band called **Crossfire Choir** and got **Ed Stasium** (of Ramones fame) to produce them. For three successive nights the listener heard the recording. We would go back and forth every five or ten minutes at a time, then we would go back to the station because the whole process gets rather boring at times. All the while Stasium would explain what was going on. We were actually doing the high-lights of recording a record. We also figured we would need background singers, so we put an ad on the radio and said 'do you wanna sing on a record, come on down.' we filled the parking lot and the cops came to see what all the fuss was about and everybody sang into microphones. The band soon after got a record deal and it's now being distributed by MCA in the United States and it's a really good record. We'll do it again next year. In fact the B-52's have already contacted us about doing it."

In Toronto at CHUM Cosford used to get inundated with records so he would pass them around the neighbourhood to kids and try and get some reaction from them as to what's out there. "We broke **Cheap Trick** because of some kid in my neighbourhood."

Around that time he also helped out a band from New York make some headway in Canada. "A guy from CBS gave me this record and said I would live it but wouldn't play it. At the time only stations in Cleveland and New York were playing the record. At first we played it 3 or 4 times a day and the manager of the band phoned me so we offered him to come up and do this simulcast we used to do every week from the El Mocambo. The very next week they sold 25,000 records in Toronto. That album went on to become the biggest selling album in Canadian history. The artist was **Meatloaf**."

NETTWERKING

One of the labels represented at the festival was probably Canada's largest independent label, **Nettwerk Records**. Started out of founder Terry McBride's front living room in January 1984, **Nettwerk** has grown to include **Nettwerk** records in Europe and deals with labels in the United States.

McBride was on the panel to educate people how to start their own record label, "I started out of frustration of getting a record out for Moev. I had been managing them for five years and they had trouble getting records out. It was basically a manager getting pissed off and wanting to put out a record."

McBride feels that a lot of people who start labels are people who were in the same boat as he was.

To begin with, the label released the first **Moev** album and sold 1,000 copies within a matter of a couple months but lacked the funds to repress. The second record was not one record, it was three. "That was when I decided to stop being a manager and decided to try and run a label more as a hobby than as a business," explains McBride. "We tried to create an image and tried to figure out how to hit people over the head. By putting out three records at once, with three styles of music ranging from the black of **Skinny Puppy** to the white of **Grapes of Wrath** and **Moev** somewhere in the middle that's going to garner attention. There's not been too many indie labels in this country that have released three releases all at once. We were after impact hoping one would sell quickly and give us a cash flow."

Nettwerk is different from some labels in that they don't have to see a band before they sign them. "To me, bands can be turned into good live bands, the most important thing is the music. We've always signed from demos."

Nettwerk is now looking for that big commercial breakthrough and they feel some of their bands might be ready for it. To help this along, **Nettwerk** promotes giveaways so dj's will take notice of their product, "we have to give some sugar-cube dj who has no touch with the street, something that'll make him look at our product."

According to McBride the main way of getting people to take notice is to "educate the public to what you've got."

Chris Spedding

A part of the producers panel during the IFIM and also a performer during the festival was studio musician/part-time performer/producer **Chris Spedding** who is best known in Canada for his work producing both the **Nils** and **The Razorbacks**.

"The **Nils** I found out about because my manager called me up and said that **Bruce Williamson** of **Profile Records** had sent me these tapes and they really wanted me to produce them, but I really couldn't figure out why he wanted me to do them," says Spedding, "the first thing I told the record company is that I would turn it all down and make them sound less punky and the word came back that that's exactly what they wanted me to do, so I got the job."

The **Razorbacks** had more of a Canadian connection due to his most recent release on **Other Peoples Music** based out of London, Ontario, "I had just heard their 3 song EP and it didn't sound that promising but I was quite agreeably surprised when I heard them in the studio," says Spedding.

When I brought up his years as **Robert Gordon**'s sideman as a possible connection to him producing the **Razorbacks** he agreed that "that might be a fair assumption."

In the past Spedding has produced bands such as the **Cramps** and the **Sex Pistols**. The reason he ended up with the **Sex Pistols** was because "I was the only musician that **Malcolm McLaren** knew." Spedding fills us in on what it was like in those early days.

"Everyone in the music establishment thought they sounded terrible. When I heard them I thought they were all right and didn't know what all the fuss was about. I thought they needed a break so I put them in the studio. People would say to me why are you working with them, they're terrible and I'd say when have you heard them and they'd answer they haven't but they're terrible. After that I got **Chris Thomas** involved in it. I preferred my tapes over his but nobody has ever heard those. **Malcolm** didn't own a reel to reel so I have the tapes, I gave him a cassette but he's probably lost it."

As for the possibility of **Chris Spedding** releasing those tapes, "I couldn't ever see me and **Malcolm** getting together to release them."

The **Cramps** had almost the same influence on Spedding, "I saw the same spirit as the **Sex Pistols** and I thought they were unique and were good."

Spedding feels that both the **Sex Pistols** and the **Cramps** were what the music business needed at the time they came out and that now "Rap is kinda like the new force changing the music industry."

Spedding is not a big fan of live music, in fact he "won't even go to see bands play unless I'm dragged down by somebody. If I'm in a club and a band starts to play I'll leave. I'd rather listen to records."

Even at his own shows he wonders why there's an audience, "I find myself thinking why don't you go home and listen to the records and I don't have to be here."

As for someone Spedding would like to work with, "Bob Dylan, besides I think he could afford me."

Scott Dobson, Looking Good

One of the panels was on how to make a video, and one of the panelists was **Scott Dobson** who has produced videos, not just a couple but several including the **Doughboys** (*You're Related*), the **Rheostatics** (*The Ballad of Wendel Clark*), **Andrew Cash** (*Trail of Tears & Time and Place*), **Chalk Circle** (*20th Century Boy*) and worked with local Toronto vets like **Johnny Lovesin** and **Johnny Macleod**.

What is a director supposed to do with a video? "Usually the band expects the director to come up with some sort of concept or scenario. Although it's not uncommon for bands to set preferences, i.e. a live video," says Dobson.

One example was the **Rheostatics** video where Dobson explains the procedure, "they gave me ideas where they wanted me to shoot and then I decided whether it was a good idea to shoot there or not and when there was something there. Before long we were all directing."

Shooting a video is not cheap. Dobson says "you can do a reasonably good job for 2500-6000 dollars with people actually getting paid. Under that they can do a great job but they usually don't do a great job because they don't realize the investment they're making." Also Dobson himself doesn't find videos to be very lucrative, "there is actually very little money in videos, very few directors do more than 20 a year. If you're making a \$1000 a shoot day then that's not a heck of a lot of money, especially when you have to take into account the cost of writing scripts, meeting with the band and the label."

One way that bands have tried to avoid this is through the grant system either via **Videofact** or **Factor** but Dobson has mixed feelings on how productive these grants have been. "I think **Videofact** and **Factor** have helped a lot of people, but they've caused harm in another respect in that a lot of bands come to me and say we want to do a video, apply to **Videofact** and get us money. That money is for bands who need money, and with **Videofact** bands like **Carole Pope** and **FM** are getting the dollars. That just doesn't seem fair."

This results in a lot of bands becoming lazy according to Dobson, "a lot of people put the onus on raising the money onto directors. Now a lot of producers will just work with musicians that they know can pull their own weight. They all have stories of bands who got a director and made an application and when they got turned down, the band just took off, 'sorry, no money, man'."

As for **Much Music** and their contribution to the Canadian independent video scene Dobson feels that they are like "AM radio" in that you have to play by their rules to get on. "To measure your video against the quality of videos on **Much Music** is a mistake. Cable TV plays videos as well as a strong indie video network exists in the States, and also US regional broadcasters play a lot of Canadian videos, like in California they play a lot of **NoMind** and **Doughboys**."

For the future of video and **MuchMusic** Dobson foresees changes like "people wanting to see more material and less filler. I think that's what'll eventually happen. One video here and there will not generate much interest. I look for a video that sets the performer out, not as a faceless commodity."



The Rheostatics.



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ADRIAN SHERWOOD ADRIAN SHERWOOD

by Rude Ras

When Tackhead was in town this summer, I took the opportunity to talk to Adrian Sherwood about his reggae roots, his Tackhead present and his future projects.

At 17, he was the junior partner of Carib records. He was the A&R man, selling records out of the back of a car. That was around '75. They put out the first Black Uhuru album as well as Prince Far-I. Around 1977, Adrian put out *Dub From Creation* and, a year later, *Starship Africa*.

"Usually dub albums are derived from songs. I did it backwards," said Sherwood. "*Starship Africa* was mostly backwards effects. I recorded it, mixed it, everything in about eight hours."

He also put out *Rebel Variations*, *Cry of Barbie* and *Ken, Chapter One*.

Creation Rebel became Prince Far-I's band at the beginning. "I did about 12 albums with him in a big or a small way," says Sherwood. "I was also working with Scotty (Stan Scott) at the time, who eventually formed Roots Radics."

"In '79 I recorded with Mark Stewart and Ari of the Slits and the band was called the New Age Steppers," Sherwood adds. "That album sold 20,000 copies but I never got paid, the company went bankrupt and disappeared. So all this time I was blundering along here and there, learning. I built up my credibility by producing Prince Far-I. But when he was murdered four years ago I was sick of the whole reggae scene at the time."

"I just started making reggae again. I've got stuff I did in '85 that still sounds really fresh, and I've got a new

reggae album coming out in a few weeks."

One of the reasons I wanted to interview Adrian was that he worked with Lee 'Scratch' Perry. He feels that Perry is one of the pillars of reggae music who has been there basically from the beginning. "He's a tough guy to work with, but he's a genius," says Sherwood.

Talking about Perry led us to talking about the reggae we liked. Adrian agreed that reggae made between the late 60's and late 70's (and maybe a little of the early 80's) was the best of the lot. Sherwood told me that he felt the reggae coming out now was garbage, and that there was nothing that could beat out the earlier music.

"There was so much about that particular music. There was a message, there was the music, and there were the people who made the music."

The discussion led back to Lee 'Scratch' Perry and Dub Syndicate's *Time Boom* record. Sherwood licensed the record to EMI. The money he got helped finance other projects that were ongoing. But the record got lost on EMI's collective desk and never got anywhere. Sherwood was upset about that and is now a little more careful in his business dealings.

Most of the material released on the 'On U Sound' label has been handled by Sherwood and his wife, Kisha, who designs all the album covers. Now there's also a deal with Nettwerk records of Canada and there should be something worked out with Upside Records in the U.S. of A.

Scott from Nettwerk walks into the hotel room to use the phone to order pizza for everybody—Adrian likes

chili peppers on his—so Scott continues to interrupt for the next 10 minutes. Turns out he interviewed Adrian for *Spin* last year. They got a pizza.

Tackhead has been big in European clubs, especially around London, for a few years now. They draw 2,000 to shows there. The Tackhead Sound System which Gary Clail handles is so loud that even Adrian doesn't like turning up to their shows.

While Tackhead works well together, they continue doing their separate things too. Mark Stewart has the Mafia, Skip has been working with Mick Jagger, and Adrian has just produced a Cabaret Voltaire record. (They're good mates of his). But when it comes to Tackhead, they produce it together.

They are fuckin' amazing live. They cause "major head damage" as Sherwood puts it. "It's music you can't describe, can't label, can't explain."

Their show at Fofounes this night was "not a great one," according to the band. But the full house was stompin' happy as they left or hung around to chat with the band. They were smiling.

Some of their equipment went kaputz (check that spelling—ed.) before and during the show. That didn't help. They even had to borrow a Rev-7 effects machine from CRSG for the night. This, along with an SPX-90 effects are all the fancy equipment they have aside from some cassettes Adrian uses during his mixing.

There's more coming out on a record called *Friendly as a Hand Grenade* on the On U Sound label which, incidentally, is a play on the word 'onus'... important sound.

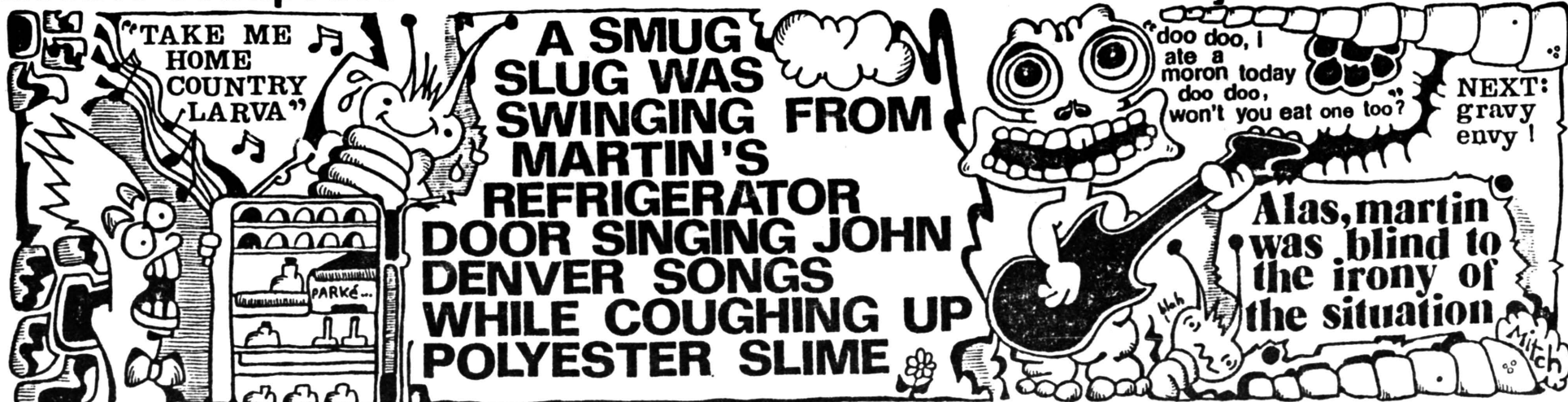
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ADRIAN SHERWOOD ADRIAN SHERWOOD

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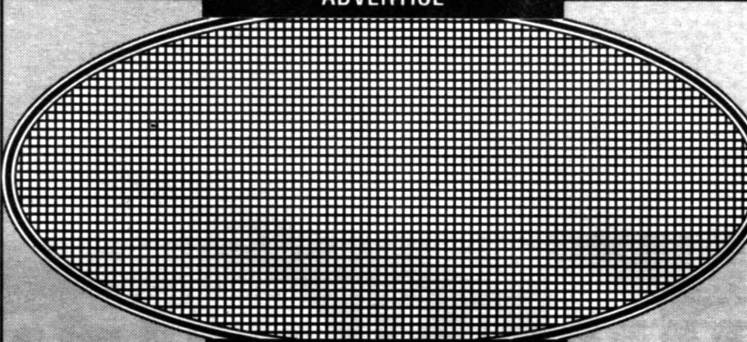
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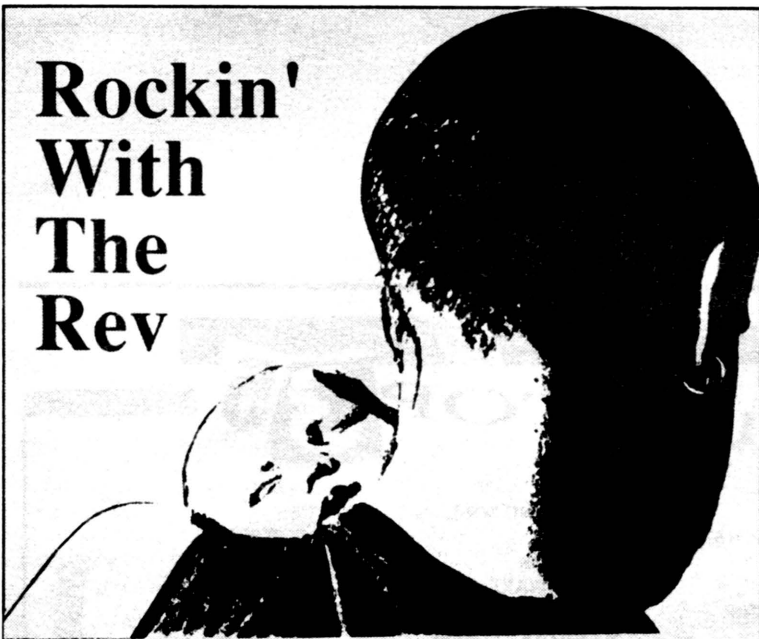


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Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, a Whole Mass of Brethren have come up to me the past few months and politely asked where the Hell I've been. Well, to tell the God-Awful Truth, the Rev has been on a Pilgrimage of Divine Happenings. He has Witnessed the Miracle of Birth, and a whole lot of Other Fun Things. You know, in all these years of Rock'n'Roll Craziiness, there have been few events to match the Miracle of Birth. Except for one.

You know, to be a Witness Unto The Rock'n'Roll Miracle is truly a Fun Thing. It happened one Holy Night in a small, rustic, fishing village. A real fun group of Holy Men lit up the skies, and gave unto the people the truth of The Word. The band was **Loverboy**, and at the climax of their show, there did appear from the singer's clenched fist, a Glorious Beam of Divine Laser Light. And the flocks of Followers responded with such fervour, lighting up Bic lighters and raising clenched fists, that this event did truly gain the status of Other-Worldliness. And you know, friends, this event has nothing at all to do with the subject of Reverend Bob's Words of Wisdom Sermon this month.

In these days of conflict and Holy Retribution, there are many Real Heavy questions confronting humankind: Why has the Real Big Guy placed us here? What does He want with us? What to wear to the Show?

This may seem to be an unimportant matter. O.K., it is. However, when one thinks of this in relation to the Divine Order of Things, well, now we're talking about a whole new Cross to Bear. You see, friends, if you don't have the right Rock'n'Roll Etiquette down to a 'T'... well, heck, you might as well just Plain Give Up, move to the Suburbs (God's best joke yet on Yuppies), and Propagate At Will.

O.K., there's a Rock'n'Roll show happening, and you're not quite sure what to wear. Well, to quote from The Scriptures, "Give a man bread, and he'll eat for a day, but dress him up in black leather and denim and he'll look real cool." *Joh. 10:13*. Now before you all go rushing out to heave dead things' skins over yourselves, you have to remember that when these Holy Words were spoken, nightclubs were mighty different. Less black interiors. It was O.K. back then to dress up in black and Party Hardy. Nowadays, you spend so much time looking for people that it just Ain't Fun. It's like when that Roman King Dude said, "It just ain't right having all these Non-Gentile kids hanging out, causing a ruckus." Then he forbade them, and spent the rest of his God-Given days running around, looking for 'em. That was O.K. back then, when there was nothing better to do, but at Rock'n'Roll Happenings, it just doesn't cut it. So, instead, here's Rev. Bob's Divine Vision of How Things Should Be.

Now, if the World were a big Hunk of Paradise, there'd be clubs with enough lighting to commune with nature, enough silence to think Big Things, and enough fresh air to Breathe Real Good. Instead, we've got dark, dingy, stinky Dens of Sin, just full of People in Black. It just don't make a whole heck of a lot of sense. What we should have is this—dark, dingy, stinky Dens of Sin full of people wearing tasteful, bright, floral patterns, with flowers in their hair and smiles on their faces. Seated in orderly rows, they would all politely clap after each song, and not talk during songs. Purple Kool-Aid would be served at communion, accompanied by Happy Talk and Animal Crackers.

You know, friends, just thinking of this Paradisal Setting brings back Fond and Fun Memories of the Christian Rock Festival Rev. Bob attended, where 10,000 God-Fearing, Commie-Hating, Peaceful People took communion with Coca Cola and Hot Dogs. It was a true Heaven on Earth... But I digress.

During intermission, free Bic lighters could be given out, for when that Divine Thing happens, and Laser Light Beams flash out of the singer's clenched fist, Oh Lord, the Masses shall at last See the Light, and Get Real Jobs.

But as you all know, the Earth ain't no Paradise, no matter what the ads say. Rev. Bob understands this, so here's a more practical guide to the Deep and Mysterious Ways of the R'n'R Universe. If you're going to a show, try to make it for the first band. They've sweated their guts out for The Glory of It All, and they should at least deserve your Polite Indifference. It's like when The Other Big Guy was crucified. Sure, people flocked for miles to see him Get Nailed, but what about the Opening Acts? If Rev. Bob were a gambling man, he would wager they felt like shit.

Apart from All That, there's not much more to preach about. Oh yeah, be nice to each other and turn the other cheek if someone punches you in the face. Happens all the time, and is just one of those Rock'n'Roll Things that just doesn't make a whole heck of a lot of sense. But then again, if things made sense all the time, there'd be nothing for the Good Lord to get blarneyed for. And such is the Word of the Lord. Amen.

Metal 21 Death

PHOTO: Rula

*It was after the show. It was getting late. And we were beginning to feel the affects of another night of thrash. There in front of us was a U-Haul trailer, appendaged to one massive, dare we say, comfy lookin' tour bus, complete with six and 1/2 dozen or so ranting fans. Shuffling our feet, tape recorder in hand, we decided to risk a foray into the congested back alley and approach the now temporary home for four of San Fran's youngest thrash-kids, **Death Angel**, in town supporting their 2nd Enigma release, *Frolic Through the Park*.*

RearGarde: Tape's a' rollin'...

Gus: ...test one...test two...

We got no further when the question of blood ties became apparent. With guitarist Gus Pepa, bassist Dennis Pepa as first cousins (their fathers are bro's), drummer Andy Galeon and lead guitarist Rob Cavestany, (also first cousins), and vocalist Mark Osegueda coming in a close second cousin, it became obvious that indeed, speed-metal is a game the whole family can play.

Dennis: Yep...and if some one quits, they're gonna get their ass kicked when they get home!

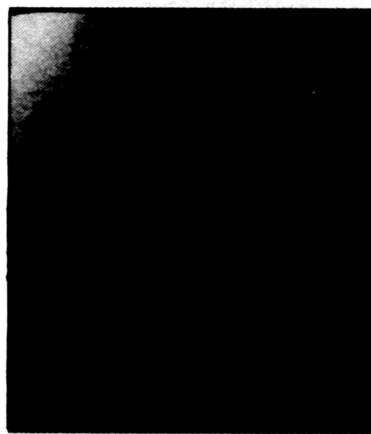
RearGarde: How's the tour coming?

Gus: We started in the beginning of September and go til November. We actually did our European tour in June, before coming here to do this North American thing.

RearGarde: Were you headlining all your shows?

Gus: Europe was fun. 18 hours, and you're at a different border! In the UK we had Virus supporting us, in Germany...it depended on where we were.

RearGarde: On your latest record, you thank the PMRC. Have they given you any trouble with regards to censorship?



Gus: Well, this has nothing to do with the PMRC, but we recorded the video for MTV, for *Rage of Souls*. There's supposed to be a certain line on it "bloody orgy of ecstasy". They said, well, we don't want this anymore! But we filmed it, and they approved it first, off-hand. So then they said cut that line, splice it off, and then we'll show it. So we did. Then they just scratched the whole thing. They didn't want it at all. So we just wasted our time. So much for that!

Mark: I don't care about the PMRC at all. I'd let them eat over at my house. Matter of fact, cheers to them! They've done this music so much more good than bad. It's selling more records!

Gus: They say don't buy this record, and the kids go hey! Ok! Check this out! They'll go for it just because it's rated 'X'.

RearGarde: In listening to your set, there's one thing we were impressed with: your varied style. There's a real broad range in your music. It isn't one-dimensional at all, which seems to be a common criticism for most of the newer metal bands.

Gus: Well, I guess that's what we strive for.



I mean from the first album to the second, there's such a difference. Take *Open Up*—there's a lotta funk in that. But in other songs, it might be more Sabbath-y. Personally, I like classical stuff, like Rush. But I listen to old and new stuff. Like, from Crumbsuckers to more thrashier stuff, then to metal and to funkier stuff. If you look around our van here, you'll notice so many hundreds of tapes. We listen to all sorts of stuff, from guitar solos to classical wierd shit. Whatever. I mean, way back, I used to listen to Kiss. That's why we do the *Cold Gin* cover.

RearGarde: Are any of you classically trained?

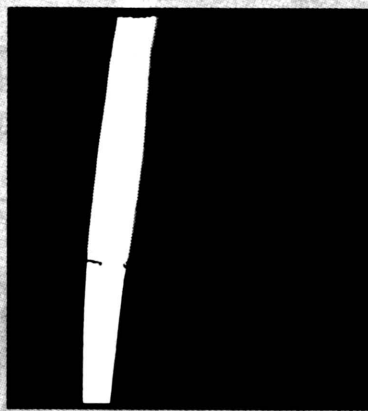
Mark: When I was a little kid, I used to sing for my parents and family. I'll tell you the three songs I used to sing...

Mark then gives us his Stars on 45 version of *Bye, Bye Miss American Pie*, *The Lime and the Coconut*, and *I Shot the Sheriff*.

Mark: ...my dad was into Eric Clapton. I was into Kiss, AC/DC, and sang along with those records too. I always wanted to be a singer or an actor. It was one of the two. But my dad, who was Mr. Jimmy Jock, was really into sports, and I was always playing sports. But then, in my freshman year I was in the school choir. Freshman through Senior. I sang in the school choir! And, I also took voice training for four years. Count 'em, four years!

We were curious to know if having a female manager at all affected the band's perspective. Did women really make better managers? Unbeknownst to us, Death Angel's manager, Kat Sirdofsky, was recently caught with an embezzling finger in the pie, dishing chunks of DA's profits to other bands contracted to her...ulp...next question!

Gus: Actually, she's still under contract,



but her terms shall be "nullified" when the courts decide so...But when we first hooked up with her, she was great. She helped us out even before we signed (with Enigma). I guess we just got too big for her to handle or something. I think she still thinks of us as 'those kids'.

Mark: When it comes to business, music

management, it can go either way. They seem to be making a big deal about it now...like it's an experimental phase or something. I'll say this though, and it will sound sexist, but women can be so snidely. When it comes to a relationship, a man will break off clean...women always go for the throat. They plan it out, how they're gonna break it off, they see how they can hurt a person, and once they break, they want this from you, that...they end up getting you for years after!

RearGarde: Do we detect some bitterness on your part?



Mark: No! No! No! Its never happened to me! I've never been married. But I know just from watching! But it goes both ways. Men always play the puppy part when they've been dumped. Its the worst thing in the world. Like, after all I've done for her, and now I'm hurt, like they've never done anything wrong in their lives either. It's a double-edged sword.

RearGarde: What about age? The 'Y' factor? Some of you were only 15 when you recorded your first album.

Gus: We're helping each other out. I hate that factor of being called 'that young band'. We don't think of ourselves as young any more. We've grown up so much since then. I mean, I'm 21, Dennis is 21, some of the others are 19. The only youngest one is our drummer (Andy) who's 16.

RearGarde: Did your youth ever pose any problems with Enigma?

Gus: No. Not really. There was this clause that all under-18 kids had to get their parents to sign for them. The real problem (with Enigma) was that there weren't things in the contract that we wanted, so we had to re-negotiate. But, it wasn't over us being young.

RearGarde: What do you miss about home?

Gus: Some certain people. But when you're at home, you just sit there thinking this is the worst possible thing in the world. You want to get out and on the road.

RearGarde: Is the band supporting you now?

Gus: This is the first time where everybody is actually getting paid. Our PD's! But, when we get home, I'm not sure. Hopefully.

RearGarde: Where do you hang around back home?

Gus: At the Stone. Its on Broadway..kinda like being on this street here (Ste. Catherines).

RearGarde: Any San Fran bands you'd like to plug?

From the depths of the tour bus: **Forbidden!!!!**

Some one else: Yeah! **Forbidden** rule! They kick!!!
When asked the now out-dated mass-produced toy question Gus wanted to be a puppet and Mark, who looked like he'd never make up his mind finally came to this conclusion: Pictionary. because, not to sound cheesy, he helps people and when people get together it gets really loud and crazy.

Interview conducted by Cups'n'Cakes

CRSG TOP 30

CRSG 89.1 Cable FM
Office: 848-7401
Studio: 848-7400

Artist	Album	Label
1* My Dog Popper	668 Neighbor of the Beast	Patois/Cargo
2 Schooly D	Smoke Some Kill	BMG/Jive
3* Skinny Puppy	Vivisect	Nettwerk
4 Raperman	Budd 12"	T&G
5 Various	Fast & Bulbous	Imaginary
6* Color Me Psycho	Pretend I'm Your Father	Raging
7* Shuffle Demons	Bop Rap	Stony Plain
8 Rollins Band	Life Time	Texas Hotel
9 Big Stick	Crack'n'Drag	BYO
10 Pixies	Surfer Rosa	4AD
11 MDC	1980-1987	RRadical
12* Front Line Assembly	Corrosion	Mute
13 Fred Lane	Radio Car Jerome	Shimmy Disc
14 Beurrier Noir	Operation Sampan 7"	Bondage
15 Various	Real Authentic Sampler	Ras
16 Test Dept.	Terra Firma	SubRosa
17 Various	Human Music	Homestead
18 White Zombie	Soul Crusher	Caroline
19 Scruffy The Cat	Boom Boom Bingo	Relativity
20 Young Gods	Amore 12"	Play it Again
21 Dennis Brown	Inseperable	WKS
22 Fred Frith	The Technology of Tears	SST
23 The Gathering	Let It Shine	World
24* Moev	Yeah, Whatever	Nettwerk
25 Die Kreuzen	Century Days	T & G
26* Jean Derome	Confiture de Gagaku	Victo
27 Shelly Hirsh	Singing	Apollore
28* Varoshi Fame	7"	Afterbirth
29 Pere Ubu	The Tenement Year	Enigma
30 Lambs Bread	International Love	LBI
31 Peter Dinklage	Down Time	ReRec
32 Elliot Sharp	Larynx	SST
33 Jad Fair & Kramer	Roll Out The Barrel	Shimmy Disc
1/3* Ray Condo	Mondo Condo K7	Independent

CRSG Top 33 1/3 was compiled by Brian F. SKURWYSYN!!!
*Denotes Canadian Content.

EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

CKUT TOP 35

NOVEMBER 88

ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1 FISHBONE	TRUTH AND SOUL	CBS
2 *SARAH McLACHAN	TOUCH	NETTWERK
3 *MIRIODOR	MIRIODOR	CUNEIFORM
4 VARIOUS	STAY AWAKE	A&M
5 KATIE WEBSTER	SWAMP BOOGIE QUEEN	Alligator/WEA
6 VARIOUS	SOUND SAMPLER II	NETTWERK
7 NICK CAVE & BAD SEEDS	TENDER PREY	MUTE
8 AMBITIOUS LOVERS	GREED	VIRGIN
9 LAIBACH	SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL	MUTE
10 THAT PETROL EMOTION	END OF THE MILLENIUM...	VIRGIN
11 GRANT HART	2541	SST
12 COCTEAU TWINS	BLUE BELL KNOLL	POLYGRAM
13 SKINNY PUPPY	VIV sect VI	NETTWERK
14 DINOSAUR JR.	BUG	SST
15 THREE JOHNS	THE DEATH OF EVERYTHING	CAROLINE
16 Conspiracy International	CORE	NETTWERK
17 SHINEHEAD	UNITY	WEA
18 THE DAYLIGHTS	KING	109 RECORDS
19 TRIO BULGARKA	THE FOREST IS CRYING	Carthage/Hannibal
20 SPACE NEGROS	ETHNIC MUSAZ OF THE 60'S	ARF ARF
21 KLINIX	FEVER	ANTLER
22 Asher D. & Daddy Freddy	RAGAMUFFIN HIP HOP	MUSIC OF LIFE
23 Windmill Saxophone Quartet	VERY SCARY	PATHFINDER
24 *PIGFARM	HOLD YOUR NOSE	X
25 ORNETTE COLEMAN	VIRGIN BEAUTY	PORTRAIT/CBS
26 YOUNG GODS	L'AMOURIR	PIAS
27 VARIOUS	A VISION SHARED	CBS
28 *RIN TIN TIN	GIVE MEECH A CHANCE	SHAKE/CARGO
29 LIME SPIDERS	VOLATILE	CAROLINE
30 *SONS OF FREEDOM	SONS OF FREEDOM	SLASH
31 SCOTT JOHNSON	PATTY HEARST	NONESUCH
32 *MONTY CANTSIN	AHORA NEOISMO	MALDOROR
33 LUDWIG VON 88	SPECIAL OLYMPIQUE	BONDAGE/CARGO
34 ILLUSION OF SAFETY	More Violence and Geography	COMPLACENCY
35 MARC ALMOND	THE STARS WE ARE	EMI U.K.

* denotes Canadian

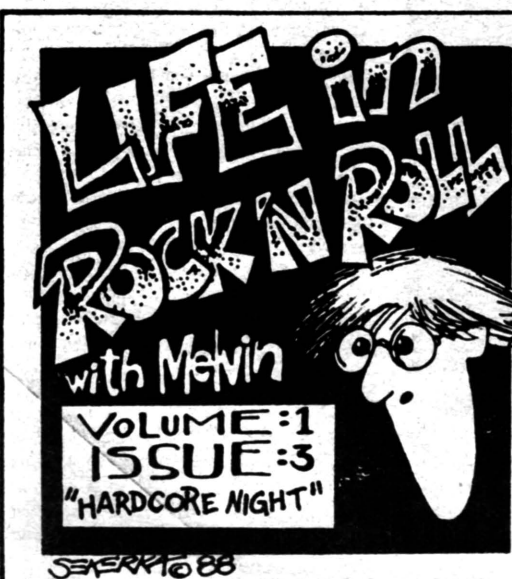
Top 35 based on rate of airplay

compiled by Chris Migone
and Patrick Hamou

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Rock Monastery

by Rick Trembles



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WIPE OFF EXCESS BODILY
FLUIDS.

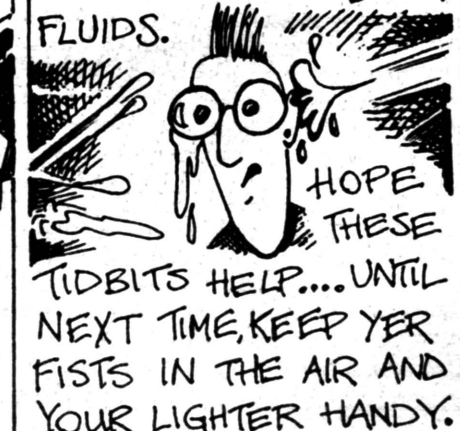


PHOTO: Jonathan Brooks

DESPERATELY SEEKING



New York's Band of Susans really did at one time comprise three members called Susan—hence the name. Elementary. These days, however, bassist Susan Stenger is the last remaining Susan of the group. Other band members include guitarists Robert Poss, Karen Haglof, and Page Hamilton, and drummer Ron Spitzer. I had the chance to chitchat with all five members (confusing, to say the least, when I tried to transcribe this interview three weeks later) after their Sept. 11 show at Foufounes. Jonathan (the photographer) sat in on the interview and added a few poignant comments. As usual, topics of conversation covered practically everything except for the band and their music...oh well...

RearGarde: So. You guys are from New York...

Robert: Yeah.

RearGarde: So what's New York like?

Robert: It's wonderful.

Susan: It's filthy.

Page: New York is the best city in the world.

Robert: There's more to eat on the streets of New York City than there is in most cities in restaurants.

Page: New York is the greatest, although it's too expensive, and there's no good bands that come from there except us.

RearGarde: When you say expensive, do you mean food or rent or what?



Robert: Food is cheap. Food and drugs are cheap. Rent, you know...

RearGarde: How much would you pay for a decent 1 1/2 in New York?

Page: A studio's 700 bucks.

Robert: You have to be a drug dealer to live in New York, it's too expensive. You can't play in a band and work a crummy day job and survive in New York. It's almost impossible. The only reason we can do it is that most of us have been there for years and years so we have relatively inexpensive apartments.

RearGarde: Have you been playing in bands for a long time?

Robert: This band has been together for about two years, but we've all been playing in bands for a long time.

RearGarde: What kind of bands?

Robert: Well, Ron and I used to play in these Clash-like rock bands. Susan's a flutist; she didn't play in a rock band until she joined the Band of Susans. She just picked up bass a year ago. Page was sort of a white trash West Montgomery type. Karen's played with some bands on Twin Tone; she's been playing for a long time. Ron was originally a guitarist, then he became a keyboard player and a bass player.

RearGarde: Is there a reason why the drums were mixed up so high during your set?

Ron: Probably because the sound guy has never heard us before. We generally want the drums back a bit; we want the guitars to dominate everything.

RearGarde: Well, with three guitars you kind of can't avoid it. Still, I really liked the sound of the drums up front.

Robert: Well good. We did it for you. We knew you were coming and we said "Hey..."

RearGarde: Maybe I should just become a groupie and follow you guys around.

Ron: Sounds good to us.

Robert: Actually, we wanted to evaluate Ron's performance tonight so we told him to mix the drums really high...

RearGarde: Do all of you sing?

Ron: Yes, only I don't use a mike. (general sounds of merriment)

RearGarde: Just kind of lean over the hi-hat.

Robert: That's what you've been doing!! I *knew* you were doing it! You've been using the fucking hi-hat mike the whole time!

Karen: Ron is the best singer in the whole band.

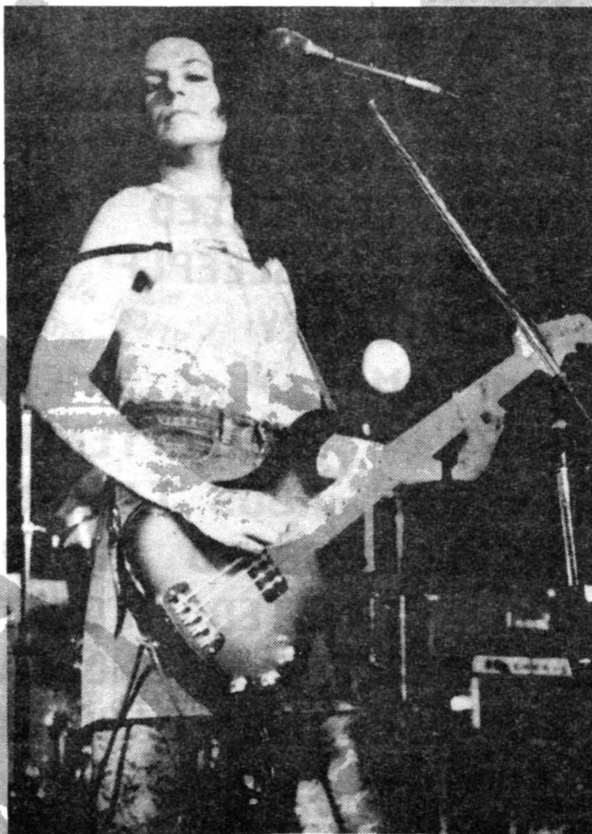
Page: That's why he doesn't sing.

RearGarde: Is this your first trip to Montreal?

Robert: Second, we played here a few months ago.

Susan: We played at this really crummy place called Club Soda.

Jonathan: Expensive beer land.



Susan: We were opening for Wire on this tour and that's where they were booked.

Robert: That was in June. We were treated really poorly, but we loved Montreal, we thought it was wonderful.

Page: It was a very sedate audience.

Ron: They were generally not responsive.

Karen: When we were playing at Club Soda, David from here (Foufounes) came to see us and said, "Next time you play in Montreal, you should play here."

RearGarde: Are you on tour now?

Robert: We're on tour for two weeks.

Susan: This is the third gig on a two week tour.

RearGarde: Where are you off to?

Susan: Toronto, the mid-west, Minneapolis, University of Michigan...

RearGarde: Do you have any records out?

Robert: We have an EP and an LP.

RearGarde: Which do you like better?

Robert: The LP has a bit of a wider range. The EP is very concentrated. It was the first thing we did so it has its charm, but the LP represents us a little bit better.

Susan: We're going to be making a new record this fall.

RearGarde: I liked the Stones cover you did tonight.

Page: We did two: *Child of the Moon* and *Last Time*...I actually wrote *Last Time* but Mick and Keith are taking credit for it.

RearGarde: So you're taking them to court, huh?

Page: No no, I really like them, they're nice boys.

RearGarde: Actually I thought you kind of re-wrote *Last Time*...

Robert: Yeah we did, the thing about most Rolling Stones songs is that they have too many chords.

Page: Yeah, we couldn't figure out all the changes.

Susan: We sort of Susanized it.

RearGarde: So who are voting for in the elections?

Page: I'm voting twice for Dukakis. Once as an amputee and once as a regular person.

Susan: It's going to be a disaster.

Page: The reactionary forces are going to triumph once again.

Susan: I'm afraid Bush is going to win.

Robert: There's such a conservative thing in America now that I think Bush is going to triumph. Maybe not, though: they've got two months to figure it out.

Susan: If Bush wins the whole band might move to Montreal.

RearGarde: If Bush wins the whole band might move to Montreal.

RearGarde: Seems like all the cool bands are moving to Montreal.

Robert: Well then we're moving here too. The only thing is I don't speak French.

Jonathan: Neither does anyone else.



RearGarde: You can get a 1 1/2 for around \$250 here.

Robert: \$250! Okay we're moving here.

Page: I pay \$230 in Harlem, that's not bad.

RearGarde: Yeah, but aren't you afraid to walk home at night?

Page: Absolutely not. I mean, I can always get crack. It's a wonderful neighborhood.

Robert: We felt really at home today because we went into an alley and there was a dead rat.

Jonathan: Some skinhead must have lost it.

RearGarde: I've got to ask you the next question or the editor will take my skin off. If you could be any mass-produced toy, which one would it be?

Susan: Silly putty, that's it.

Ron: I'd like to be Chatty Cathy.

Robert: I'd like to be Incredible Edibles.

Page: Incredible Edibles, those are great.

RearGarde: What's that?

Page: You don't have those here? It's this plastic coloured goop, you squirt it out, then you waffle it and you eat it, it's like these big giant spiders, so good. Karen lives on the stuff.

RearGarde: What's in it?

Page: Red dye, no, two melted Glad bags.

Karen: It's really good.

Interview conducted by Rina Gribovsky.



THE BAND OF SUSANS



SNFU, *Better Than A Stick In The Eye*
So this brings up the question of why SNFU isn't known as the best band in North America. Amazin' live shows combined with three solid albums—what more could we ask? New haircuts? More videos? I dunno. But this LP keeps right on going from where *If You Swear...* left off—solid production, solid speed delivery, corester guitars, metal-tinged guitars and Chi Pig's voice bringing it all together. Concert faves like *Time To Buy A Futon* and *The Quest For Fun* are here along with a strangely respectful (tho fuzzy) cover of *Wild World*. Maybe the only thing they're missing is a real catchy single or punk anthem. But, still, a great album all the way through. Nothin' throw away 'bout these guys. (Cargo Records, 1180 St. Antoine W. Suite 306, Montreal, Quebec H3C 1B4).
Paul Gott

Razor, *Violent Restitution*
How come I always have to review these albums? Here is yet another thrash speed metal band who are into chains, studded leather and looking real macho. They like to sing, I mean growl about violence and hatred. They have songs titled *Enforcer* and *Discipline*. The band even dedicated the album to **Charles Bronson**. That should say it all. (Fringe product inc. P.O.Box 670 Station A, Toronto, Ont M5W 1G2)
Selim S.

Suicidal Tendencies, *How Will I Laugh Tomorrow When I Can't Even Smile Today*
These guys will probably gain thousands of new fans with this record. However they'll probably lose alot of long time supporters who will accuse them for turning into a sell out metal band. They've slowed down the pace a bit and added a heavier, more melodic guitar sound. Rocky George is in fact quite a decent guitar player whose tasteful solos add a lot to the overall sound of the album. Just check out the title track. *Suicidal Tendencies* may have changed their musical style but they're still very original. (CBS Records.)
Selim S.



Sudden Impact, *Split Personality*
There's not a whole lot of variety on this album. All the songs are really fast, really loud, really heavy and really quite good. This album has the heaviness and power of most metal albums but Sudden Impact still have the raw hardcore energy they had on their first release. All in all, Split personality is a really exciting Canadian thrash album. (Fringe Product, P.O.Box 670 Station A, Toronto Ont. M5W 1G2)
Selim S.

Feelies, *Only Life*
I do not like this record. Guitars sound like banjos with rubber strings, vocals are lame to the point of non-interest. However there are a couple of points that are brighter than the dull album that it is, credit has to go to the producer for capturing good drum sounds, and a highly distorted late sixties, early seventies guitar noise which was used

in a few spots on the album. Had I known about the Feelies before being asked to review this album I would have ignored the assignment editor's request. (A & M Records, 939 Warden Ave, Scarborough Ont M1L 4C5)

Ewan MacDonald

Rollins Band, *Do It*
I like this record, the editor said we only had one hundred and two pages this issue so I'll have to keep it short. One side is live in Europe, the other is different mixes from their *Lifetime* LP, with a brand new track. The live side is typical of what you might expect when seeing the Rollins band live, the audience heckling during the short breaks between songs and that wildness the band seems to put across in their live performances. It's a great live production. If you don't feel something where *Wreckage* and *Lonely* are strung together, you better check your pulse cause you might be dead. This live stuff is so hot that my turn-table was sweating when I played the record. The studio side conjures up memories of older material, doing a cover and just swinging. Some of it bluesy, some of it jazzy, but all with that intensity and the killer sounds. Great record, I like it. Hope you enjoy it too. (Texas Hotel, 712 Wilshire Blvd. #151 Santa Monica, Cal. 90401).
Ewan MacDonald

Metallica, *...And Justice For All*
Certainly the most eagerly awaited metal album of the year. Metallica's fourth album has brought underground metal over the top of the ver so fickle pop market. Everybody and their granny is going to have this album just to show how hip they are. The album's current #6 position on Billboard's Hot 100 will attest to this. So is it good? Yes. Is it great? Yes. Is it their best? Um, well that's a tough one. At first listen it hits you in the face like a skinhead with his suspenders down. After the initial impact though I was a bit undecided. The nine songs are long, real long. The title song runs close to ten minutes and it took me a couple of evenings to become familiar with all the sixty five minutes of this two record set. It's still has the thoughtful lyrics, the chugging guitars, and the great melodic breaks. It's definitely my fave of '88 but is it their best? I'm still undecided. By the way it makes a great soundtrack to the film *Metropolis*. (Elektra/WEA).
John Coinner

Anthrax, *State of Euphoria*
What can I say about Anthrax? They cover Sex Pistol tunes. They do a rap song. They write about cool stuff like **Stephen King** books. They wear funny shorts. I love 'em. Their latest however seems to be missing the ingredients that usually make their records so interesting. The music is still way heavy with lots of racing guitars and double bass "mosh parts". The lyrics are very interesting and it even comes with a nifty 3D hologram sticker. It is a great album, it just doesn't measure up to their previous efforts. (Island/MCA).
John Coinner

Warzone, *Don't Forget The Struggle, Don't Forget the Streets*
Noo Yawk Hawdcore in yo face maaannn!!! At least that's what they would like you to think. Realistically Warzone borrow heavily from other NY crunch bands like : **Agnostic Front**, **Cro-Mags** and **Youth of Today**. Lyrically they deal with various annoying "youth band" themes as well as other worldly topics like skinhead unity, and fighting commies to keep America free. I dunno guys... (Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, N.Y. 10013).
John Coinner

D.R.I., *4 Of A Kind*
Yucko! The process of moving from blind-ing fast metal into full bloom metal which D.R.I. began on their last album *Crossover*, has been completed on this their most re-

cent release. With the move up from the more HC based *Death Records*, to *Metal Blade Records*, D.R.I. have managed to lose just about everything that distinguished them from the genericness of most metal bands. I know D.R.I. fans are going to buy this anyway but if you're not yet familiar with them stick to the first two albums. (Metal Blade Records, 18653 Ventura Blvd. Suite 311, Tarzana, Cal 91356).
John Coinner

BloodCum, *death by a ... clothes hanger*
From the same wombs that brought you Tom Araya and Jeff Hannaman (**Slayer**), comes Joey Hanneman (vocals) and John Araya (guit/bass), 2/5's of BloodCum; along with Bobby Tovar (guit/bass), George Hierro (guit/bass) and Jimmy Sotelo (drums). Some very above average hc, often dipping into Slayeresque thrash in the solo dep't... (somehow this is to be expected.) Lyrics are none too impressive...lot's o' blood, death, gore an etc. which is fine, but the BloodCum version of abortion (title track) stinks o' one-sided, macho-maleness. (Wild Rags Records, 2207 W. Whittier Bl., Montebello, Ca 90640)
Cups 'n' Cakes

Recipients of Death
California's Recipients of Death debut with a fairly solid slab o' vinyl. Not all that original, but full of fast thrash riffin with those love 'em or hate 'em spine crawling solos thrash bands have made so popular. Hats off to Eric Meyer of **Dark Angel** on the production, no doubt accomplished without much of a budget. Graphic depictions of death and more death, from nuclear war ala **Discharge** right on down to Necrophilia. Just can't get enough of that good ole death, can ya? Recommended. (Wild Rags Records, 2207 W. Whittier Bl., Montebello Ca, 90640)
Cups 'n' Cakes



Parts Found in Sea, *Every Soul's House*
For an incredibly ugly album cover, the contents were actually quite good—slurring Morrison-type voice complete with twangy guitar and harmonica thrown in. Recorded live in Toronto with no pretentious over-producing they sound like they'd be worth going to see. Overall, soft twangy rock with a bluesy feel like on the tune *I'll Go Crazy* which got the thumbs up after one listen. Although I was rather hoping to hear a few raunchier tunes which didn't happen, I think I'll keep this album. The type of music you mellow out and have a few beers to. The lead singer's got this blonde Ian Astbury type look if that helps classify them any. (Between Records, 140 Carleton St. 715, Toronto, Ontario, M5A 3W7).
Rula

Intruder, *Live to Die*
Some very classy speed-metal here. Written with melodies in mind. Not only do have some class music, but a singer, James Hamilton, who indeed, can sing! Hailing from Nashville of all places, this foursome (John Pieroni on drums, Arthur Vinett guitar, and Todd Nelson on bass) deal with a wide variety of subject matter: from government, extra-terrestrials, to man's abuse of power. And Yeah, there's one for the ripper too, called *Cold-Blooded Killer*. Recommended. (Iron Works Records, Box

ON THE RECORD

459 Maywood Ca 90270)
Cups 'n' Cakes

Dear Mr. President, *Dear Mr. President*
"Please make it against the law to be prejudiced, please help find a cure for aids, and don't go starting any wars 'cause I don't want to die." Right, and then they go into this equally socially important type song called *Daddy Have You Ever Been Arrested?* Laughable? Yes. Get this, "Daddy do you want to be a rebel or a Texas cowboy?" What does this have to do with being prejudiced? I guess they've been discriminated against for having long hair. These boys are actually cute enough to be like **Bon Jovi**, which is probably their goal in life. **Mick Jones** did a good job producing but there's only so much you can do. Dear Mr. President are your typical teenybop metal band and they are one in handfulls. Nothing aggressive enough to impress me, though, and lines like "What's the world coming to?" don't ring true. Harmless Tops of the Pops metal and nice album graphics. (Atlantic/WEA)
Rula

Death Angel, *Frolic Through the Park*
With a name like Death Angel, frolicking is not something that readily comes to mind. The bands name is very misleading. Often mistaken for mindless speed band **Dark Angel**, Death Angel manage to distinguish themselves with a unique mixture of melodic vocals and crunching guitars throughout the complex song arrangements. The song *Why You Do This* even sounds like **DOA** in places. The lyrics deal with various social topics which are fairly interesting considering the five members aren't even old enough to drink yet. Frolic, is quite different from their first album *The Ultraviolence*, but I think the new sound will help put them into the big time. Strongly recommended. (Enigma Records Canada, 2183 Dunwin dr., Mississauga, Ont. L5L 3S3).
John Coinner

Mofungo Bugged
This is **Elliot Sharpe's** (of **Carbon** and solo-stuff fame) latest venture in vinyl sales. His blatant anti-Americanism has been put on the backburner, and delegated to obscure references for a more accessible sound in the 3-minute-wonder pop genre. This move has been made successful by creating catchy slide-guitar drenched songs which could be classified as industrial-country music. If this sounds confusing, just picture the sound of a car crash with the **Residents** in one of the unfortunate vehicles, and the other being the funeral car of **Hank Williams**. The result is a pleasant subtly-political twangy crash which will

keep your toes—a—tappin' and your ears—a—wantin' more. It sure to bring out the country-lover (or hater) in the best of us. (SST Records, P.O.Box 1, Lawndale Cal., 90260).
Lyndon Way

Monty Cantinis
Monty, Monty, Monty, why do you do this to yourself? You are an entertaining performance artist (I've seen you twice), but when you try to transfer your art to 40-minute consumable audio products, it doesn't work. When preaching your gospel of Neoism (or does he mean Zeroism) on record with the accompaniment of a synthesizer (that's all), vital elements of your performance is lost, leaving the listener bored. On albums we want to hear music, and lots of it. As you tell us, in the promised land of Neoism "the great confusion rules". If this album is any indication of the promised land, it is one which is barren, bleak and about as confusing as turning on a synthesizer and babbling sweet—nothing—jokes to yourself. (Maldoror Records, Neoist Headquarters, P.O.Box 30 Snuyvesant Station, NYC, NY 10009).
Lyndon Way

Skinny Puppy, *VIVISectVI*
Well once again Puppy has come out with another great album! *VIVISectVI* is the follow up to *Cleanse, Fold and Manipulate* and is filled with the awesome Puppy we've grown to love. Once again Puppy's nightmarish world opens up and engulfs you into a world of wild sounds and obscure noises and leaving you wanting more. This is a much needed album in your collection, find it, buy it, worship it! (EMI, 3109 American Drive, Mississauga Ont., L4V 1B2).
Steve

Red Zone, *Red Zone*
Okay. Okay. Um, wait a minute... Okay, there's not like really a group. It's like this performance type artsy thing and, like, the performance is called "Red Zone", you know? Anyway there's likt this really weird electronic-like Blade Runner type music and it like revolves around this story about some dude called Max who like talks throughout the whole thing. And it's kinda weird... the kind of thing you'd listen to on a rainy day when you're really stoned (Not that we'd encourage drug use amongst our readership of course—ed.). Red Zone. It's interesting. It's cool. It's really kinda beautiful. But I think I'd have to see the performance to understand anything, coz I didn't. (Dolphin-Moon, P.O. Box 22262, Baltimore, MD, USA 21203).
Rula

Ludwig Von 88, *Special Jeux Olympiques*

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by BURNT BARFETT

"What have you become because of your becausing?"

Eugene Garcia ©1988

The above quote is an extraction from one of the many letters that I have received throughout my thoughtful stay with RearGarde. These so-called "letters" usually contain helpful suggestions, quaint anecdotes, constructive criticisms and other ways to make meatloaf a more exciting and enjoyable meal. Those are my favourite. Last week when I checked my diamond-studded mailbox at RearGarde's head office I found this little beauty written in a soft shade of Van Dyke Brown crayon.

Dear Burnt:

Your column is a blizzard of irrelevant sentences pathetically strapped together with atrociously boorish comedy. Your talent as a writer is not only questionable but also degrading to anybody with a speck of intelligence. I love it

I am an avid animal lover and so could you please do something on animals in your next column.

Yers,
Colin X

So here it is. Finally, my next column, I have agreed to do something on animals. We find ourselves in the deep woods... Ah wilderness! The outdoors, the crisp smell of leaves and freshly growing moss. In the distance, if you strain your well-trained ear, you can even hear the caustically clear tinkle of a far-off brook. As we stalk through the thick bush it becomes increasingly apparent that the thick bush is becoming increasingly apparent. It's time to head back.

As we head back to the shuttle bus we must be extra careful, for it's well known that the journey homeward is often more dangerous than any voyage ahead.

(monotonous crunching and breaking of dry twigs goes here)

There, look up ahead, a clearing! Um, I mean a clearing! We must turn down the ghetto blaster and proceed with extreme and witless caution. Through a crack in the dense vines we can make out a tall and skinny figure perched on a slab of granite, brooding unnaturally over a record album. Could it be? Yes indeed, it is the rare yet drably clothed Allan Clarke of CRSG's Cargo Cult Radio clutching madly onto the latest Nurse With Wound album. Let's take a closer look...

The album cover is a most brilliant affair. It's called *Alas the Madonna Does Not Function*. The front cover features what looks like a slovenly and balding middle age club owner whose right hand is perversely pasted to a scantily clad woman, while his left diligently supports a burning cigar. In the foreground are the stiff and nakedly horizontal legs of what any amateur detective would affectionately term "a dead guy with no pants wearing shoes." Throw in a wasp at the top and a stray eyeball looking through a gothic window and that's the basic cover.

Since we all know never to make swift movements in front of anyone from "Cargo Cult" we bid Allan a sugary goodbye and gently continue on our merry way. Soon we are happily whistling and skipping our way down a well-trodden but meaningless path home. Echoes of little Red Riding Hood burst into our childlike memory. Nothing could be more relaxing than happily trolloping through mother nature's back yard with a hard on. But this blissful paradise is soon tainted by a dark shadow up ahead.

As we slow the vigorous skipping down to a light trot it becomes obvious that the mysterious figure is none other than the infamous GG Allin relieving his bloated intestines into a patch of wild daisies. A modern Tarzan clad only in black bikini underwear, GG has decided to call it a day as he slumps over and farts into the cosy vegetation. Strewed about his leather feet are copies of his latest musical endeavour, *FREAKS, FAGGOTS, DRUNKS & JUNKIES*.

On the front of the cover GG himself threatens the mass consumer audience with his teenage chains and sunglass-laced bravado. He's the kind of guy who spent most of his misspent youth thinking up ways to make his teeth more crooked. The back cover is a pictorial representation of the guys in the band who were just too dumb to become cops.

Suddenly the thick bushes crash apart and the blue beast off the latest album cover from *The Accused* called *Martha Splatterheads Maddest Stories Ever Told* forces its way into our field of vision. The beast with yellow mohawked hair gently picks up GG Allin and with the grace of a penguin rips him apart limb from limb and stuffs his remains into a hollow log. We decide it's time to go.

So there you have it Mr. X a beautiful story all about animals. If you have a comment, suggestion or any ideas at all about meatloaf send them to BURNT BARFETT, c/o RearGarde Magazine, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4.

*For Singles Only will return next month.

Well, this is more like it. The band's bounced back from a mediocre EP to produce their best stuff yet. *Olympiques* features some trademark drum-machine Punk along with their first ska tune *Mon Coeur S'Envole* à les *Specials*, and an english rap song *Mike Tyson* that really grooves. The EP has its share of fun stoopid moments, but the real key here is that they've broken out of a sound-alike slump and, while the tempos are still zippin' along, the songs are more varied and more (excuse the expression) melodic. Great idea for a Christmas gift. (*Bondage*, 46 rue du Roi de Sicile, Paris, France 75004).

Paul Gott

X, *Live At The Whiskey A Go Go On The Fabulous Sunset Strip*

Like all live LP's this one's got the hits (*Johnny Hit & Run Paulene*, *Los Angeles*, *White Girl* etc...) but one is missing, *Beyond and Back* ain't here. This album is maybe representative of what X is like as a live band but it just sounds like their LP's in different order with loud noises (cheering) in between the songs. They never seem to have anything to say between the songs and there are little differences between the live tracks and the their album versions. To use a tired old cliché in the art of album reviewing this one is for diehard fans but you can add to that that this one is also for people who've wondered about X and didn't know what album to buy. (WEA)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Swamptrash, *It makes no never mind*

Check the import bins for this one (just to see if it's there under S where it should, no no just kidding). Swamptrash are it on my turntable for the next little while. This is down-home Country stuff that goes great with a case of twelve (Guinness of course). These guys are from bloody Edinburgh of all fuckin' places. The key parts of this album are the banjo and mandolin, trust me this is great stuff. Believe it or not *Elmore James* plays drums on this album, I'd bet anything it's not the same one. This album could best be described as the theme from the Beverly Hillbillies played at break-neck speed. (DDT Records & Fast Forward, 21a Alva St., Edinburgh, Scotland EH2 4PS)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Lack, *Lack Is Killing Music*

This album isn't as mean as the title, it should be though. A bunch of well-known covers (*Pipeline*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Sheena Is a Punk Rocker*) and some obscure ones (*Lonely Boy* by Cook and Jones, *Outsider* by Dee Dee Ramone). This album just gets a bit monotonous and clichéd at times for me to say that this is the best thing since Habitant Poutine sauce but it does keep the interest long enough to make me wonder what the next song will sound like. I've actually had to listen to it over and over to make up my mind over whether I actually like this album. It does have clear vinyl though. I know I haven't told you what it sounds like but it is noisy, it is trashy, it is weird, it is ugly, it is messy... it's Lack killing music. (*Orgasm Records*, Obertorstrabe 6, 6293 Lohnberg, West Germany)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Nits, *In the Dutch Mountains*

Yech. This is what major labels and CHOM call alternative music. What probably happened here was that CBS heard a demo tape of some band from Holland with this song *In The Dutch Mountains* on it and some promo guy (after getting back from his latest coke deal) said hey this'll get some airplay. They had to find a whole slew of mediocre songs that they could fill the album up with. Influences abound because of the mediocre songs but the hit sounds like *Tears For Fears*. The problem is they'll put out a couple more albums and be the next big thing. (Epic)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

It's Another Iowa Compilation, Un-

charted Territories

Band by band this compilation is so uneven it's scary. The only band I ever heard of before was *Full Fathom Five* but they're no good here. The rest of the stuff here is as follows: *The Eclectics*, who aren't, *House of Large Size* are just clichéd Pop that we don't need any more of, *Artificial Limb Embrace* are garage punks and deserve to be heard some more. As I mentioned earlier *Full Fathom Five* stink here coming out sounding like *Led Zeppelin* are terribly boring, check their EP instead. The *Dangtrippers* are folksy REMers. Why not, right, there has to be one in every state (something to do with election of George Bush). *The Hollowmen* are that, they just bang away but they do have energy, probably great live, and *23 Lies* are shit. Side 2 is just more of the same but *The Merry Pranksters*, *Moveable Feast* and *Made Ya Look* are all caught in different genres of the sixties. *Stone Awakening* are boring. *Ted Cutler and Chronic Love* are mellow pop and could get airplay and the *Punishment Club* are the best Rock 'n' Roll band on the album, in the state? (*Southeast Records*, PO Box 3031, Iowa City, Iowa 52244)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Boston Goes Def, *The Champions of Boston Rap*

A compilation put together of some of the best of young Boston rappers. It sounds like it, another uneven compilation and but this one can be attributed to inexperience. Some of it sucks, most is weak and then there's the *White Boy Crew* with the *Popeye Rap* which is funny to listen to. The *Professor Rock & Rcc Roxbury Crush Crew*, hard edge which is something this album is missing and the *Body Rock Crew* doin' *Power In Our Rhymes*, ya there is. These three stand out as not being crap macho Rap posturing or just being wimpy. This is an adequate representation of some of the younger rappers maybe a couple will break out and get out some stuff of their own. (*Beautiful Sounds*, PO Box 1863, Brookline, Mass 02146)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Chronic Disorder, *The Drums of War*

Well, it's been done, a combination between the *Sex Pistols*, *Corey Hart*, and *Bob Marley* all rolled up into one. So, no matter what type of music you like, you'll end up thinking this album is alright. I especially like the songs *Heaven* and *The Drum of War*. The band ends up doing a *Bob Marley* cover, but all of the other songs are originals. Pretty good work guys...and gal. Some of the songs sound like they would get airplay on CHOM, so if you feel like getting a hardcore album... this is not the album for you.

Bad Billy



MDC, *More Dead Cops 1981-1987*

Hey big Duke Wayne! We heard y'all were lookin' fer us MDC boys. Well look no further, here they are on their supposed 'best of' album. Included are such smash successes as *John Wayne was a Nazi*, *No place to Piss* and their specialty *Chicken Squawk*. This LP is real cool. The lyrics are real funny and get their point across too. There are thirteen songs on the album, each is better than the other. The beat of each song is different. Changing from fast to faster to even faster. Pick up the album, it's

happening! I call that bold talk from a one-eyed fatman.

Bad Billy

Nick Cave, *Tender Prey*

The Nasferatu of the bar-salon is back, probing the same Hi-Tack field as *Kicking Against the Pricks*, only this time he penned all the tunes himself and oneday maybe Nancy'n Lee'll do a cover version of *The Mercy Seat*. We go from *Burt* (Bacharach, in *Slowly Goes the Night*) to *Kurt* (Weill, in *Up Jumped the Devil*), style wise, and from late *Presley* on *Dils* to deathbed whisper, voice wise. The *Bad Seeds*, impeccable as usual, improved by newly added, heavily recommended *Kid Congo Powers* (ex Cramps, Gun Club, Fur Bible), fart fire along Nick's merry chemin de croix to hell and further: Buy this one. (*Mute Records*, 429 Harold Rd. London W104RE).

Chalice Camshaft and Dany Darling

Galaxy Of Prizes, *In a Garden Of Eden* (cassette)

Recorded live in Lost Angeles, arranged and produced by *Mark Nine*, it's four songs long and the beats range from West Indies to Latin America. They included a condom, a lolly pop, a rubber snake and a letter with the cassette. The best song is the first one *In A Gadda Da Vida*, it's a reggae rock song. (*Underworld Records*, 6546 Hollywood Blvd Suite 201, Hollywood Cal 90028).

Rude Ras

The Just, *Creature Comforts*

A band from Van Nuys, California has on this record some regular pop and roll, and even a reggae song called, you guessed it, *Babylon*. None of it too impressive but it's nice to see reggae making inroads in the U.S. (*Kulture Krash Records*, 13659 Victoria Blvd Suite 115, Van Nuys, Cal 91401).

Rude Ras

Sister Breeze, *Riddym Ravings* (cassette)

Jean Lumsden from Patty Hill, Hanover Jamaica is now known in the international reggae world as Sister Breeze. She debuted as a performer at Reggae Sunsplash '83 and was asked back the next year. She's a writer, dancer, actress, performer, dub poet, teacher, and perhaps most significantly vocalizes her feelings about the treatment of the Jamaican Woman by males. Her music speaks of this and many other things. This cassette is laden with diversity. Songs about love, music, Africa, the insane, the hustlers etc. This cassette also has *Santa Davis*, *Sly Dunbar*, and *Irvin Carrot Jarrett* playing. If you want to be introduced to good contemporary this is a good place to start. (*ROIR*, 611 Broadway suite 725, New York, NY 10012).

Rude Ras

The Reducers with Roger C. Reale, *Wake the Neighbors*

Only three songs on this one-shot affair out of Boston (or somewhere around there). Ain't nothing brilliant happening here, just a little Chuck Berry rock'n'roll type stuff. Well produced, sounding real snappy, real happy and not too sappy. *Rock It To The Kremlin* is the real money track here, speedin' along but not doing anything too surprising. Won't make any rock'n'roll converts, but it'll keep the converted happy. (*Rave On Records*, no address available).

J.D. Head

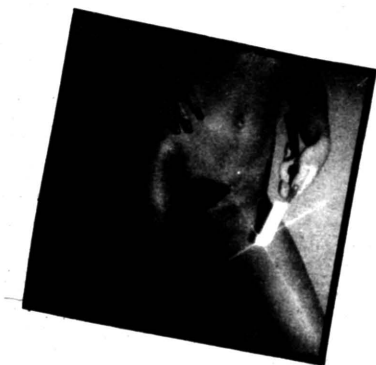
Brian Setzer, *Live Nude Guitars*

After a disappointing first solo album, Brian Setzer (ex of the Stray Cats, y'know) has gone back to his rockabilly and r&b roots. Really ballsy at times combined with a solid sound make this an almost terrific LP. "Almost" because there are a couple of throw-away pop ballads and an incredibly schmaltzy orchestrated tune, *The Rain Washed Everything Away* that's so bad it's really quite funny. "Terrific" because most of the album really rocks. The r&b stuff (*When the Sky Comes Tumblin Down*, *So Young*, *So Bad*, *So What*) is good, but the ole

for cassettes only

rockabilly musik is the best. *Rockability* is an old Elvis-style rocker complete with "Rock! Rock!" backing vocals; *Nervous Breakdown* is a smokin' cover of an old Eddie Cochran tune and *Temper Sure is Risin'* shows he's still got the right attitude for this stuff. A nifty comeback. (Capitol/EMI)

J.D. Head



Uncle Sam, Heaven or Hollywood

Yeah, so once you get past the cover (which might not be too easy for some folks) ya notice that yer listenin to the real glam rock revival. Yea Lord, these dudes have earned those Iggy and Alice comparisons with some real sleazy straight-ahead fuzz rock. This stuff ain't pretty, but I don't think the band really gives a damn. I'll add my own comparisons: the *Vibrators* on *Don't Be Shy* and a *Neil Young* whine on *Live For The Day*. But digging past the hype for these Ro'chester Rok Godz ya find that they really write cute little catchy pop songs and then twist 'em, crank 'em, fuzz 'em out and slime all over them 'til they've got a really rad raunchy rocked out sound. And the difference 'ween these dudes and the ones on Muchmusic?... *Guns and Roses* are dressin the part, these guys are living it. (Skeller Records, P.O. Box 17423, Rochester NY, USA 14617. Uncle Sam Fan Club, P.O. Box 67503, Rochester NY, USA 14617).

Johnny Zero

Great Ontario Modern Rock

The result of "The Great Ontario Talent Search" competition, this compilation album is a ten-track definition of reminiscent fun. Despite the slightly poppy flavor, some genuine imitation talent is showcased here. *Picture Comes To Life* is a cross between Big Pig and 10,000 Maniacs in their tune *Cross My Heart*. *Daja Rojaba* gives some Northern Pikish guitar harmonies in *Holy Road*, while *Chain Of Fun* offers an interesting rendition of recent Psychedelic Furs. *Nobody and the Clones* contributes a great name and some distorted synthesizer monotony to the record with their ridiculous song *Give a Massage*. *Brooken Silence* displays some great Iggy Popish vocals and *Stiletto Fetish* raps their way through the nonsense in *Penthouse B*. The best track by far is *Heimlich Maneuver*'s heavy thrash tune *In My Head*. Who judged this contest anyway? (CFNY-FM 102.1, 83 Kennedy Rd. S. Brampton, Ontario, LGW 3P3).

Sonja Chichak

Scruffy The Cat, Moons of Jupiter.

Here's one for the album-cover analysis! Hiding in the fold-out three page psychedelic cover is some pretty boring stuff. The monotonous beat paves the way for the monotone vocals and utterly dull guitar accompaniment. The sound is unfocused and hits on BTO and even *The Beach Boys* a few times. Topping this sleeper are the tracks *Love So Amazing*, *Betty Drops In* and *Bus named Desire*. (Relativity Records, USA).

Sonja Chichak

Itsa Skitsa

This six-song mini debut album doesn't do justice to the enegetic live performance. The soaring guitar and driving drums set the foundation for some pretty interesting sounds. Some actual originality can be

detected on this rocker. Suitable for dancing or just listening, *Itsa Skitsa* seems to encompass a wide range of musical influences, of which no single one could begin to describe their sound. Notable here are the tunes *Hypnotize* and *It Sa Line* with its great beat. (Itsa Record, Toronto, Ontario).

Sonja Chichak

Pailhead, Trait

A new EP from these crazy demons, ex of *Minor Threat* and *Ministry*. Only a 4-song selection, and no shit, it's amazing. Maybe not as overcharged as *I Will Refuse*, but loaded with anger about the One in charge of the Big One, TV evangelists, and the nihilism that's becoming so fuckin' widespread. Wicked evil wonderful stuff. (Wax Trax, 2445 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago 60614, USA).

Lorrie

Playground, Sleeping Dogs

A bazooka is aimed at your head, and all you can think about is *Big Black*. A test pressing of this first mini LP from Canterbury, England's Playground is actually more than a reference to Albini the god/ass; it can and does stand on its own merit. They're actually quite ferocious in their vinyl attack. You kinda get used to aural abuse in a sensually masochistic way. And I can't wait for more! (Decoy Records/Blast First, 429 Harrow Rd. London, W10 4RE, England)

Lorrie

Bastro, Rode Hard and Put Up Wet

Their sound is a lot like other bands on Homestead, along the lines of *Big Black* and even *Naked Raygun*. The music could be annoying to the uninitiated; lots of distorted guitars, submerged vocals, crashing rhythms. This type of music I like, but it takes some getting used to. (Homestead)

Greg Miller

All, Alloy For Prez...

This six-song EP is fast pop punk rock music. Sappy lyrics about guys and gals falling in and out of love. Good band for a high school crowd. (Cruz Records, P.O. Box 7756, Long Beach, CA., 90807 USA).

Greg Miller



Rock Turns To Stone

So a new comp from Boston is making the rounds with a whole slew of new and old Boston garage-type bands. Side one is smack filled with raunchy Rock'n'Roll, which will keep any semi-demented music lover smiling stupidly. Personal faves are *The Slaves* and *The Cave Dogs*. Side two kicks off with *Dogzilla* and a funny Funk-rap-crap song entitled *Lunch With Ed*. Unfortunately, the next couple of songs tend to be a tad boring. But then things pick up again, with the no longer together, amazing *Dogmatics* and also the *Big Huge*. If you can't get your hands on this one, send for it, the Boston scene rules! (Vild Records, P.O. Box 949, Boston Mass 02199).

Emma T.

Perfect Daze, Regular Jailbreak

Yes, yes, this sounds a lot like *Husker Du*. And the *Replacements*. Young British post-punk stuff, guitars and all that rot. Fun enough, but hardly original. (Vinyl Solution, 39 Hereford Rd., London W2, England).

Lorrie

That Petrol Emotion, End of the Millenium Psychosis Blues

Oh, those groovy Irish boys have done it this time. Okay, so some of the ex-*Undertones* just happen to be fronted by an American dude, but that explains the hip Motown/James Brown influences on *Groove Check* and *Here It Is...Take It!* But if y'all like melodic guitar sounds (non-thrash), *Sooner or Later* and *Under the Sky* stand out on this slab. Truly recommended party music. (Virgin/A&M)

Lorrie

Rapeman, Two Nuns and A Pack Mule

The controversy surrounding Steve Albini & co. (alias *Damn Pig Boys*) continues. Sexism rules, and they're damned proud of the fact. The music itself is great, but the lyrics are misogyny incarnate. Quel drag. No wonder female employees at their label are boycotting the band and its products. Anyways, this is the first full-length album from these Chicago boybrats. Enjoy this if you're openly chauvinistic. Albini will never learn. (Touch & Go).

Lorrie

Bad Brains, Live

If this is the last offering from one of the bestest hardcore bands ever, it's a bit of a pity. This live material is completely from *I Against I* and *Rock For Light*. I just wish it was a double album with more stuff from their EPs. It's frenzied, they actually include a few reggae numbers, and H.R.'s voice is a screacher, loud and clear. (SST Records).

Lorrie

Dinosaur Jr., Bug

Grunge central. New SST band does pretty good on it's first full-length record. At times the singers voice is reminiscent of *Husker Du* but they're certainly not in the same league. Dino Jr. are a new sort of psychedelia. *Ya We Know* should say it all. (SST Records, P.O. Box 1 Lawndale Cal, 90260).

Lorrie

Just A Mish Mash, Various

Welcome to the Art Of Sounding British, which nowadays means sounding American. The *Weeds* play psycho country pop. *Janitors* heat the joint up with a heavy country-hardcore Stranglers-like 'toon, definitely the smokin' best on this LP. The *Waterfront Dandy* takes his weird psycho cabaret about two minutes too far. The *Membranes* are almost make music despite out-of-tune twangy guitars and off-key harmonies. The *Heart Throbs* sound like Siouxsie. *Yeah Yeah Noh* are a little weird but nothing' special. *Zor Gabor* sound like Siouxsie. The *Creepers* start off real cool and end real cold. *Whipcrackaway* play okay country comedy. The *June Brides* whine over power pop. *Implied Consent* are minimalist crap disguised as art. *Rote Capello* at least keeps rockin'. *Frank Sidebottom* whines. *Gaye Bikers* on *Acid* revive 1972 just when I thought we'd buried it forever. Yuck. If this is the cutting edge of British music, let's just hope none of 'em make enough money to do a North American tour. (Fundamental Music, P.O. Box 2309, Covington, GA, USA 30209).

Johnny Zero

World Domination Enterprises, Let's Play Domination

Heavy. I mean, real heavy. Bass heavy. Drum heavy. Feedback heavy. Kinda like old *Gang of 4* fucked rhythms mangled by *Throbbing Gristle*, dumped over *Prince*'s drummer and then buried under four thousand out-of-tune guitars. Heavy. And cool. And rad. And bad. Not for mom or dad. And nutin' like most of that British crap (which IS for mom and dad). Mebbe there is somethin' happenin' across the Pond after all. (Product Inc./Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY USA '0013).

Johnny Zero

Back once again, here we are with a bunch of new demos from Montreal and beyond. As a matter of fact, the response has been so great recently that we can't do them all this issue, but we are expecting a lull next month as most alternative bands take time off to go to Florida for Christmas. So bands, don't despair if your demo ain't here, it'll probably make it next time. Well, onwards...

We start off this month with something sent up from Rhode Island from a band called the *Convertibles*. The music isn't nearly as bad as the squeaky clean graphics on the cassette cover led me to believe. In fact, it's not bad at all. Twangy guitars predominate, but there's enough of a beat here to stop them from being annoying. Sometimes the band sounds like *Three O'Clock Train* (*Hey Janey*), sometimes like *Wall of Voodoo* (*Tried and True*). In fact, what we have here is what used to be known as 'cowpunk'—a form of music considered dead in many circles (like ours). But the *Convertibles* back it with enough songwriting skills and nifty melodies to make it work. A little too smooth and schmaltzy at times (*Play the Horses*), mostly this is just good foot-tapping roots-rock/country-pop/whatever music...

The *Convertibles*, c/o John Larson, 200 Bloodgood St., Pawtucket, RI, USA 02861.

...And welcome to Mondo Montreal. *Louis Riel in China* is the latest offering from the fetid imaginations of Norman Nawrocki and Dem Stink, better known as *Rhythm Activism*. An eclectic musical examination of the seamier side of life—slumlords, sweatshops and subversives—this eight-song tape is by far the band's best effort to date. From anarchist advertising in *Black Flag* ("Works where other pest controls fail... Use the Black Flag and shove it up their brand-name Yuppie ass.") to the antique phonograph folk cabaret of *Krakow Noire*, to the title track sung to the tune of *Louie Louie* with Mr. Riel as a pizza delivery boy and a Dunkin Donuts waitress, to the beautiful *In The Jungle* paradoxically about the exploitation of workers, to the bouncy anarchist rallying song, the *No Cash Polka*. There is a little of everything here musically, with the band actually becoming a rock'n'roll outfit complete with bass and drums on a couple of tunes and working the guitar-only tunes just as well. Add the solid production and extensive liner notes, and you've got a great tape.

Tapes are \$6 payable to Les Pages Noires. *Rhythm Activism*, c/o Les Pages Noires, 3699 Hutchinson, Montreal, Quebec, H2X 2H4. Tel.: (514) 844-6562.

And now we have a weird one—a tape with a nice little cover, label on the cassette and enclosed lyric sheet complete with band picture, but no information on the band. As a result, I have no idea where *Spikey Norman* come from geographically (Toronto?) or where they're coming from musically. Styles range from fuzzy punk metal (*Too Much Metal, I Want*) to pseudo fuzz funk (*Be Safe, Instrumental*) to fuzz pop (*It's Up To You, No Where To Run*), and the band shows both a decent musical range and a sense of humour. But they don't really do anything that grabs the old ear and I'd really like to know just what they're trying to do, if they're heading in any particular direction, and just what the Hell's going on here. A little frustrating at best.

No address available.

Heading out West to Calgary we have a real slick looking cassette from a band called *Bad Housekeeping*. After spending a good 45 minutes listening to this 10-song tape I thought I'd been the victim of some elaborate joke. After reading their press release I was sure of it... What do you expect from a band that lists its influences as Kiss and Peter and the Test Tube Babies: Metal? Yeah. Punk? Right. Put 'em in a blender, pour into a tape machine and you've got Canada's first comedy glam group. A 'reaction to the politically correct scene around them'. *Macho Rock Onslaught* is appropriately titled and'll be great for those of you who get cravings for those old Kiss and Alice Cooper tunes. Personally, I never get those cravings.

Tapes are \$8 from Henchmen Productions, 648 McDougall Rd. NE, Calgary, Alberta, T2E 4Z7.

Okay, so every once in a while I kick myself for not getting out to see more shows, especially shows by French bands. And so it was a total surprise to me that *Amnesie* played such blazingly brilliant Punk Rock music. Straight-ahead (not straight-edge), uncluttered, fuzzy fast and fun. It's a lot like the drum machine Punk coming out of France nowadays but it sounds more alive. The band has its own sound, and it's a great sound. *Protection de la Jeunesse* is amazing and the other three tunes aren't far behind. My only complaint is the limited number of songs—I want more. Still, highly recommended for people like me who think that three chords rule.

Tapes are \$5 from *Amnesie* c/o Linda Bruneau & Claude Germain, 2675 rue Leclaire app. 5, Montréal, Québec, H1V 3A8.

Still within our fair city, we have the new six song demo from *Captain Crunch* and *Let's Do Lunch* called *Meanwhile Back At The Ranch*. Expecting twangy guitars, the first tune is a shocker with guitars distorted to the edge of feedback, a great effect and an interesting sound. In fact, the band seems to be taking a lot more chances, going off on some strange tangents, and it really works well. They do a nifty punk cover of *The Letter* with some wailing blues vocals. *Well Again* uses their old out-of-tune-weird-guitar-picking formula and layers it over a wall of distortion guitar to fill in empty places, and it works well. *Pee Wee Private Eye* speeds this up and adds some X-like backing vocals. If I was writing for *Rolling Stone* I'd say the band was maturing nicely. Since I'm writing for *RearGarde* I'll just say they sound real good now.

Captain Crunch and *Lets Do Lunch*, c/o Pat Hineson, 2050 Claremont #34, Montreal, Quebec.

Finally we have four songs from *Alternative Inuit* which they recorded just before taking their current sabbatical. And, well, it's good but it doesn't capture the band's great variety-hardcore live show by a long shot. The reggae influences are there on *Do You Care* and *Headlines*. *Money* is almost Power Pop until it doubles speed at the end, and *Weebles* is the only honest-to-goodness hardcore song all the way through. So the band does show some of the dynamics that make them so interesting live, but some of the musical madness is missing. A solid tape, but not a great representation of what this band can do in concert.

No address available.

And there you go. All reviews this time around were done by me, Paul Gott. If you've got a low-release or demo tape you'd like reviewed, send it to *RearGarde*, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2N4. We'll be happy to give it a listen, a little press, and then hulk the thing so we can continue to convert our huge *Maniovani* collection to cassette. 'Bse.

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STAR KATTES



by Sonja Chichak

It's five o'clock in the morning, a sleepy smokey atrium of a St-Denis street lower duplex furnished only with flags, crates and car seats. A single candle barely enables us to make out each other's faces. Adding to the atmosphere, a pet rat wanders the room while the bassist of Toronto's **Heimlich Maneuver** lays comatose on the floor.

A few curious spectators stumble in and out. As if in a seance, three exhausted fools sit in a circle on the floor mumbling what seemed to make sense into a minute microphone. Who else but a fool would be awake at this ungodly hour attempting an interview? We would, of course.

This time around the victims were Scott and Troy MacCulloch, drummer and guitarist of **The Stratejackets**. Only two were available because the rest were wise and opted for sleep.

The night of the interview they had played a benefit concert for campus radio at Les Foufounes Electriques along with three other bands. The audience reacted favorably to their first taste of **The Stratejackets**.

Their brand of rock 'n roll seems to be a new variation of influences such as Rush, Black Sabbath, Jimi Hendrix and The Who. But they do manage to put an original twist to the sound.

"Conquering the fear of the unknown is a rush... we're taking the hardroad with alternative music," explains Scott.

When asked about about the hardships of being in a band, Troy answers "we don't mind working, if it inspires people. We do it because we love it, hopefully the audience will love it too".

Stratejackets are a new band. Virgin to Montreal, the present lineup has only existed for a couple of months. Moving to Quebec at the beginning of October, the members still have yet to discover the complications of the music scene.

Adamantly, they insist on not using gimmicks to represent themselves. "Not much being into the image or stage show" is their intent, explains lead singer Ian Isnor, stumbling into the bathroom. He only joined the band two months ago. Mark Barrett, who plays a remake of the '61 Hendrix pink paisley guitar, only became a permanent fixture a month ago.



PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

Frustrated with the minimalism of the Maritime music scene, they packed up their equipment and headed for unknown territory, leaving their families behind. "The circumstances in Halifax don't allow bands with any kind of originality to emerge," offers Scott.

Club Flamingo, the only bar in the city featuring live talent was not sufficient to meet the Stratejackets' needs as a growing band. And Montreal was the closest large city offering a vibrant music scene and the much desired "cultural aspect" according to Scott. "Here you walk down the street and you hear four different languages."

"Yeah, and we don't understand any of 'em," jokes Mark as he wakes up.

Sixteen hours travelling and they found themselves in a proverbial Big City "with more live performances in a week than in a whole year" in hometown Bedford, comments Troy.

When asked about the biggest difference between Montreal and Nova Scotia, Ian explains, "In Halifax, people really care about how you appear. Here I can walk down the street naked and no one cares. People accept you for who you are—they look into you, not at you".

This band's potential lies in the superb musicianship of the individual members. Being together for such a short period, improvement will come as they practice and evolve as a unit. "All you've got to understand is that all

we care about is the music," exclaims Mark.

Unusual beliefs aside, another characteristic distinguishing this five-piece from their peers is their towering height. Jason Larsen, the bassist/lyricist stands six feet, eight inches tall, while Troy boasts a meager six-foot three. The others' heights average out to about six-foot two.

Why not basketball instead of music?

"By far, we enjoy music more. It should replace sports as the world's major recreational activity" answers Larsen.

Without elevated egos, this imposing image was not deliberate. "We're together for reasons of friendship,

chemistry and a love for the same kind of music" explains Troy.

Larsen being the cousin of the MacCulloch brothers "keep it in the family" should be their motto. But for some odd reason, they weren't crazy about the incestuous connotations. Little did they know that labelling themselves the Stratejackets would bring on completely different implications that will probably haunt them for the rest of their musical careers. Incidentally, the name is intentionally misspelled to avoid confusion with other bands of the same name.

For argument's sake, let's pretend that they really are all crazy (which they don't object to), the members' obsessive interest in the occult is still highly unusual.

To prove this, the band decided to conduct a seance during the interview. Unfortunately, the participating spirit identified himself only as "D", and wasn't very much of a conversationalist. Eeriness began to invade the house as they happily described their experiences with the supernatural.

The candle suddenly went out, for no apparent reason, as Scott explained that the house was haunted. "This is normal for us", he laughingly added.

"The upstairs in particular has some pretty restless spirits... Half of us are moving up their next month."

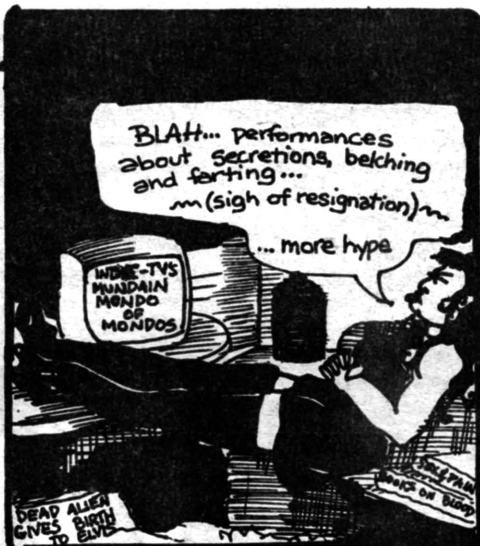
"We live in a dark gloomy place. We don't contact the spirits—they contact us", offers Ian on the Stratejackets' way of life.

They go on to explain that the occult is only a minor detail, and is not a major influence on their music. The lyrical themes cover a wide range of ideas. "Only being in the band for a month, I haven't really had a chance to contribute to the words, only to the instrumentals. Larsen, the songwriter, expresses ideas about his memories as in *Remember A Day* and we even do our own rendition of the Sesame Street song *The Letter I*. Mostly we do originals, but we do throw in a **Rush**, or **Black Sabbath** cover once in a while, to acknowledge our influences," says Mark.

Starting out as a three-piece troupe making and performing puppet shows, The Stratejackets have quickly evolved to their present five-lunatic act. "All of us are just clowns having fun," concludes Ian.

Life Among Mirth and Darkness

by Ria Stochel



FILLER



By Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

If you've seen one of the post Just For Laughs festival specials on CBC then chances are you've seen one of this month's features in Filler. This month I'm bringing to you quicky interviews with Jackson 5 impersonator Christopher and subtle British comedienne The Sea Monster.

One of the biggest surprises of the festival was Christopher. He was able to imitate all five of the Jacksons at the same time. He uses a contraption where he can move the other four "dummies" mouths, arms and legs. The complex combination of poles and strings is mind boggling to see but you soon forget they are there after watching his act for a few seconds.

Christopher does not expect to have his act last. "I realize there's only so much you can do with it," he said after his performance during the opening night of the English half of the festival.

He has, although tried to vary the act a bit but with no success. "I tried to dress them in purple trash bags and do the California Raisins but I really couldn't dance to it." He just hopes to do the Jacksons until "people get tired of it."

The idea came to Christopher a couple years back when he wanted to be the Jackson 5 for Halloween and his initial curiosity has amounted to some television appearances and the chance to travel. One of his biggest breaks was appearing on the Late Show on the Fox Network, that was when Eddie Murphy saw him and asked him to open for him on his tour. "All I know is he saw me and asked me to do it."

He is not sure if anybody from the Jacksons has seen his act but he's not too worried about any chance of a law suit. "I guess I'd be sued by now." The first time he really took notice of the Jacksons was when he saw them on the Motown 25th anniversary specials a couple years back, "they were so good I wanted to perform that," he says.

In the future Christopher hopes to get into the music business as a recording of his is coming out in the near future called *Generic Rap*. "It's a comedy/rap song about generic products and it should be out soon. It's taking a while to get it together."

As to whether this was a career change or just a sidetrack from the Comedy business Christopher would only answer that it "was something that I wanted to do for a long time."

Next we have the Sea Monster who hails from London, England and really didn't know what to expect when she performed in the Just For Laughs festival or coming to Montreal for that matter. "It was the first time I was two hours flying time away from home," she says.

The Sea Monster is named this thanks to a friend of hers who called her that at a party a while back. "It was a friendly sort of insult, I don't think he wanted to make me cry or anything."

She is not totally sure how she got into the festival but she thinks it might have to do with the fact that her agent "probably slept with a lot of people for me to get here."

For the past 18 months the Sea Monster has been performing around stand-up comedy clubs all over England and performs at a wide variety of small and large venues. The shows she performed in Montreal were at the Theatre St. Denis and she didn't seem to care for that, "the people couldn't chat or have a drink and they all sat in rows. It was nice they were so responsive though."

One of the reasons she enjoys the smaller atmosphere is not only the intimacy but the chance a good heckler will be in the crowd. "I love a good heckler," she says, "I like to have a go at them. I lie in bed and think of how people can abuse me and I think of insults. The problem is they never do what you expect them to do."

Not only does she make her way through the English club circuit but the Sea Monster has also taken up performing in colleges and universities. If she is a hit with the audiences at schools the feelings don't seem mutual, "students are shitbags. I hate them. They're a lot worse than when I was one." Oh well there goes her honorary degree.



BÉRURIER

PHOTO: Derek Lebrero

Salut a vous les Béruriers. I hope you were able to catch at least one of their seven Quebec shows, because they didn't tour anywhere else in Canada. The two major shows as far as Montreal is concerned were the two Spectrum dates—November 8 with Vent du Mont Schar and November 15 with Les Parazit, where Mémé (their beat box) was working overtime.

If you don't already know, Bérurier Noir is the band leading the new punk movement in France with a huge following and their own label, Bondage Records. The next few lines are from a conversation we had with the band along with representatives of CIBL.

RearGarde: Tell me where the name Bérurier Noir came from.

Bérurier: "Bérurier" is a policeman. The band at first was just called Bérurier—"Noir" came later. The meaning of Noir—black—is also a representation of the Mob, the Mafia. So maybe the name means Mafia Cop. RearGarde: What's the band's aims? Bérurier: We are not a political band, we are a social band. We give and show and tell people what the media butchers and does not dare tell. We avoid the big media because we don't want things about us to be invented to make it "Bigger and Better". What's the use of making something over-exaggerated when you know it's not that way. Over-exaggeration, whether for better or worse, is just bullshit. We don't want to be the bomb, we want to be the detonator.

RearGarde: How do you find people in Montreal compared to those in France?

Bérurier: The people in Quebec are super warm—they feel good around each other. We really like it here.

RearGarde: But there's more unity in France. When there's a demonstration, everybody unites. Here, not everyone does.

Bérurier: That's why we don't want to be just the Bérurier Noir, we want to be a contact to the people. The difference with the people here is that in France, the people are known as Radicals.

RearGarde: Here people are labelled as a specific thing—like because you're a skin, you're a fascist.

Bérurier: Not all skins are fascists. Some are, but I think most skins are just very young—it's kind of a release. I went to see Sham 69 and after the show and talked to some skins. Some people really do know what they want and the meaning of what they stand for, others are just followers. A lot of them, I think, are just people who have gotten "kicked in the face" and are saying "Shit, if I get it others should too. It's only equality." There's an enormous coherence problem with all this. I find it more meaningful that we reach out and touch people that are very unlike us, than people like us.

RearGarde: How far is your music reaching around the world?

Bérurier: Our records are being distributed to both Canada and the United States, of course, and most of Europe. And distribution to Japan has just begun.

RearGarde: I heard from one of the band that your music is played in Africa too.

Bérurier: Well, it's actually nothing to do with distribution. It was just an in-

cident where two of our band members were travelling in Africa one year—actually the Sahara Desert, when they came across some other people in a land rover who were listening to a tape of Bérurier Noir. There have been a lot of strange encounters like that. Like, someone we know was in Northern Finland, in Lapland, and he went into a hut and written on the wall was "Bérurier Noir".

RearGarde: What about the U.S.—do you have followers there despite the fact that everything you write is in French?

Bérurier: I know there are people who do get a hold of our records, but with touring in the United States we've had lots of problems. First, because we've been strongly annoyed by police in France, and there has been some bad press against us...

RearGarde: So you have the same problems as Lionel Ritchie...

Bérurier: ...It's always the same with radical rock bands—the press can control them. Bands are encouraged by the big record companies to join them and some go to the big companies and become shit, and all the other bands who want to stay free and independent and alternative have to struggle. Like for us in France, we are being spied on by the police all the time. Last time we played in Paris there were around 300 undercover police at the show.

RearGarde: Why would they be spying on you?

Bérurier: There were some 7,000 people in the hall and the police thought it would degenerate into a riot because of reports in the press that our shows get out of hand.

For those who know nothing about Bérurier Noir's performances, they could best be described as the Shriners or the Cirque du Soleil gone Punk. Their performances are more visual than anything else and even if your musical tastes don't include Punk music, it is still an amazing show to experience.

Every song has its own story and its own costumes to help explain it. These get-ups are worn by the bunch of crazies who dance in the background, the powerful lead singer and the guitarist who strums hard enough to remove the paint from his instrument.

The entire show consists of these kinds of antics, which makes the band one of the funniest to see live. But, aside from the craziness, their songs have great power, drawing from strong issues like the band's political views, the poor in France, rape, or freedom of choice.

This combination of satire and seriousness is what makes Bérurier Noir concerts so unique and what makes the band so powerful.

Interview conducted by Jaime Nell-horpe.

Noir

American Rock Café: 2080 Aylmer. 288-9272.
Cafe Campus: 3315 Queen Mary. 735-1259.
Club Soda: 5240 Park. 270-7848.
Concordia: 1455 De Maisonneuve. 848-7474.
Deja Vu: 1224 Bishop. 866-0512.
Folie du Large: 1021 Bleury. 397-1222.
Foufounes Electriques: 97 Ste. Catherine St. E. 845-5484.
Grand Café: 1720 St. Denis. 849-6955.
Montreal Forum: 2313 St. Catherine W. 932-2582.

Peel Pub: 1106 de Maisonneuve W. 845-9002.
Poodles: 3699 St. Laurent. 844-7762.
Rising Sun: 286 Ste. Catherine W. 861-0657.
Secrets: 40 Pine Ave. W. 844-0004.
Spectrum: 318 Ste. Catherine W. 861-5851.
Station 10: 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W. 934-0484.
Theatre St. Denis: 1594 St. Denis. 849-4211.
Thunderdome: 1252 Stanley. 397-1628.
Tycoon: 96 Sherbrooke W.

CLUBS

And welcome to the *RearGarde* listings section, subtitled "How many ways can Mr. Wonderful get the magazine in trouble this month?" This month's listings were compiled by the D'Amico twins, Claudia and Nadia, and the following is written by the aforementioned Mr. Wonderful. As usual, we would like to disassociate ourselves totally from what follows and remind you that free offers and weird opening bands listed below probably just aren't true. Please, don't be gullible and when in doubt, phone the club.

Thursday, December 1

American Rock Café: Split Second. Hard Rock, just like Corey Hart.

Club Soda: L'Empire des Futurs Stars gets going again this time with the winners from past years: Les Parfaits, Salads, Volt, EQ, Layman Twist. I know, I know, you're all expecting something nasty to be written about the Club Soda but it just isn't any fun when they don't call the paper and complain. Everybody sucks there anyway.

Theatre St. Denis: Ding et Dong are there until the 7th. I really think they own this place, ever since I do these listings these two Joes are there for at least a week. Maybe there's something illicit about these guys, maybe they are just good performers... no that can't be it.

Tycoon: Pl. Broch & Roll (what?). Apparently this is three professors from McGill. Paul asked me when they're playing so that he can miss this show. I think "Avogadro's Number" would have been a better name for this band. From what I heard this band never repeats and some people who've heard them have memorized several thousand of their numbers.

Station Ten: Baren Angel and The Promise. Two bands I've never heard and don't ever want to hear of. One wonders where these bands come from. Any suggestions?

Rising Sun: Mango. Apparently a Reggae band as I've said before, what? **Foufounes Electriques:** Maximum Night Live. Sort of like Saturday Night Live but to the limit on a Thursday. Tonight there will be three bands for the undogly price of \$5.00.

Peel Pub: The Bullets. Never sit in the back with this band. Just to make sure you're still reading, the bands at the Foufounes are actually the Northern Vulvures, Les Parazits & the Local Rebels.

Deja Vu: The Puritans eat bananas and whole grains.

Friday, December 2nd

American Rock Café: Split Second returns for a few hours.

Spectrum: Le Groupe Sanguin are there until the fourth of December. One wonders why. Remember when the Spectrum used to be the Club Montreal and they had really snotty waitresses who used to not let you sit down if you didn't order a drink and they would complain if you tipped less than 50%. The old days, gosh I miss them.

Club Soda: Pursuit of Happiness from Toronto although the singer is actually from Edmonton but they wouldn't dare say that because they're a major band and now that Wayne has been traded nobody in the United States knows where the fuck Edmonton is so they have to say Toronto. After all Toronto is part of the United States. So they tell me.

Tycoon: Royal Canadian Maple Saps. Get out and see these guys soon because I was watching the Journal the other day and they said that Acid Rain is killing the Maple syrup industry in Quebec, so they are definitely on their way out.

Station Ten: Jump In The Pool. And

stay there.

Rising Sun: Jahlin. He used to play right-wing for the Canadiens and he's now leading the Swedish league in scoring.

Foufounes: Screaming Tribesmen from Australia with the Medicine Men. Only \$6.00. I'll bet you the girl that does the listings in the Mirror will write something cutesy like 'G'day mate' or something like 'Down Under Rock'. Look there from Australia just drop.

Peel Pub: The Bullets, g'day mate.

Deja Vu: The Puritans. No beer here.

Saturday, December 3rd

American Rock Café: Split Second leave the joint and go home to lick their wounds.

Club Soda: Eno Phillips. Two shows and two prices for this guy. I was going to put an interview with him in this issue but decided against it when I found out he was playing at the Club Soda in December. After all it would be wrong of me to plug a show there. Remember the old adage as to what to do at the Club Soda: Don't Buy The Beer. Look for the Eno Phillips interview next issue.

Tycoon: Weather Permitting, what? I thought they had the roof up.

Station Ten: The Orphans. Roots rock.

Rising Sun: Jahlin again.

Foufounes: 39 Steps return to Montreal with One Free Fall from Toronto. \$5.00. The last time I saw 39 Steps was in Halifax and they did a bunch of Jimi Hendrix and Led Zeppelin songs. Start requesting Female during their shows.

Peel Pub: Failsafe with the Bullets. (Unlikely—ed.)

Deja Vu: The Puritans with the Asexuals. (I don't think so—ed.)

Sunday, December 4th

American Rock Café: Public Address. PA for short. Never heard of them.

Club Soda: This one comes highly recommended, Omar & the Howlers with Maclean & Maclean. Don't know the price but it's probably a lot. I haven't heard Omar & the Howlers but I've been told they're quite good. Maclean & Maclean I've seen and they just say "fuck" and "shit" a lot.

Poodles: Pierre Lamarche and George M. They're puppeteers, meaning they put their hands up things with holes in the bottom and then change their voices. One wonders.

Station Ten: Folk/country acoustic jam with guests and performers. You try it,

it's not getting any easier.

Rising Sun: Mango. Reggae again.

Peel Pub: The Bullets head out the door.

Deja Vu: The Jimmy Dogs.

Monday, December 5th

Club Soda: Juste Pour Rire, watch a bunch of young comedians perform, some of them will probably head straight into the Juste Pour Rire festival next summer.

Station Ten: Boing, McGill rock band. Originally I thought this said Boring McGill rock band. I'll bet the second one is apt to be right. I hope they wear their red jackets on stage and paint their faces red and shout things like Kill McGill and Go Redmen. Cheers.

Rising Sun: Rose Whiteman. Any relation to Slim Whiteman?

Peel Pub: Dr. Sax. The joy of sax, except in this case.

Deja Vu: The Jimmy Dogs.

Tuesday, December 6th

Club Soda: Kate & Anna MacGarrigle over and over and over. One of these girls was married to Loudon Wainwright (Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road) so they must be good.

Poodles: Roy McCool and Band with the The Action. Mr. McCool and company are described to us by the club as off-beat garage country while the Action are a Mod influenced band (just what every mother wants). Hey, did you know that Beetle Bailey is Lois' brother. (Yes—ed.)

Station Ten: Station Ten has really cornered the market on the entertainment scene this week. I mean tonight there's Alcoholica who are a tribute to Metallica and Friday... well you'll find that out soon enough. But come on a tribute band to Metallica. It's probably the same guys who are in Bokomaru except they took the wrong coloured pills.

Rising Sun: This could be just as good as Alcoholica: a Motown night at the Rising Sun.

Peel Pub: Dr. Sax. I wonder if they know any Metallica?

Deja Vu: The Jimmy Dogs.

Wednesday, December 7th

Spectrum: Cinars or something. Judging from the handwriting it looks something like 8 bands are playing for free, some sort of showcase.

Club Soda: Tuck & Patty. Jazz. Tonight is getting weird.

Station Ten: In Session. Blues-rock. Not for the faint of heart.

Rising Sun: Jazz Jam. With Tuck & Patty maybe?

Peel Pub: Dr. Sax with free pitchers all

night.

Deja Vu: Jimmy Dogs with free third basemen all night.

Foufounes: Showcase '88. That's funny, I don't remember Showcase '87. Tonight here there's seven bands playing for free. I tell you, you can get out and see fifteen bands for free tonight and probably will have never heard of any of them before tonight and maybe after. Or you can go see Jazz or Blues or you can go see Dr. Sax or the Jimmy Dogs. Isn't China Beach on tonight? This show features Magnum's old girlfriend. The truth has to be let out Paul Gott is a Magnum fanatic and has never missed an episode. He still stays up until 2:00 AM every night to watch it on CJOH. Last year when CJOH took it off the air and put on the Waltons instead Paul started a letter writing campaign to get it back on. Needless to say it worked. (CFCF has it at 3AM now. That letter writing campaign worked, too—ed.) By the way the bands at the Foufounes are Catholic Brainwash, Dark Vision, Shadow Cabinet, Phumper, AKG, Ils'iront au Firmament & L'esclave m'etai qu'une Machine.

Thursday, December 8th

American Rock Café: According to Roger. What does this mean anyway?

Club Soda: Bundock. Quebecois singers in a Quebecois band singing in English. \$12.50

Tycoon: Shadow Project from Edmonton. Paul and Emma went to see them and they had candles and skulls and stuff around the stage. Sort of like Liberace, although they're not dead. With Wild Side.

Station Ten: The pick of the month. Station Ten is having their first ever Elvis imitator contest. They've been combing the streets for the best Elvis and only three showed up claiming they were the real him, tho they've got 12 imitators. I've been told the Diana bar has been closed for some reason so maybe that would explain the numerous entries to the Elvis contest here. If this works they should do a weekly Elvis contest.

Rising Sun: Scat Man Go. Another Elvis contest?

Foufounes: Go Four Three from Vancouver with Me, Mom & Morgentaler. Don't you think abortion should be retroactive? \$5.00

Peel Pub: Dr. Sax hangs them up.

Deja Vu: Jet Black returns.

Friday, December 9th

American Rock Café: According to Roger. What is?

Spectrum: Testament. Old or new?

Club Soda: Fresh from his show at Foufounes, Pierre Flynn. Only \$17.50

Tycoon: Shadow Project and Wild Side.

Station Ten: After their Elvis imitator hangover we get No Man's Land.

Rising Sun: J. R. Express rise from the dead.

Foufounes: Vilain Pingouin make their first ever visit to les Foufounes. \$5.00

Peel Pub: Ministry of Truth. They suck. (That's what I like, a nice reasoned and balanced opinion—ed.)

Deja Vu: Jet Black.

Saturday, December 10th

American Rock Café: According to Roger. Who said so?

Club Soda: Richard Seguin.

Tycoon: Cinema and No Man's Land.

Station Ten: Dysfunctions and the Elementals.

Rising Sun: J. R. Express.

Peel Pub: Ministry of Truth.

Deja Vu: Jet Black.

Sunday, December 11th

American Rock Café: Hollywood Mufflers.

Theatre St. Denis: Sharon, Lois & Bram. Failsafe opening.

Station Ten: Sunday Night Comedy. I know I got in trouble last time because I said it was the old Sunday Night Comedy troupe but this time it's a new Sunday Night Comedy troupe. The old group should have trademarked the name then there wouldn't be this massive confusion

on the part of the listings writer for this paper.

Rising Sun: J. R. Express.

Peel Pub: Ministry of Truth. They stink.

Deja Vu: 10 PM Paris. Leave town.

Ondaymay, Ecmberday 12th*

Theatre St. Denis: Haronsay, Oislay, Rambay ithway Ailsafay peningonay.

Station Ten: Eslay Roistay Uartsqay Uainspay. Lternativeanay Renschfay Ockray.

Rising Sun: Luebay Ondaymay Amjay Essionsay ithway Aulpay Rihuranay ndanay Aisinray Aincay.

Peel Pub: Intelay Alcolmny. Heytay tinkstay.

Deja Vu: 10 PM Arispay.

Tuesday, December 13th

Poodles: Lord Bedaine. Art Rock like Failsafe.

Station Ten: Best Behaviour. Rock. No kidding.

Rising Sun: Motown Night.

Peel Pub: Little Malcolm. No one really cares.

Deja Vu: 10 PM Paris. Get to bed guys.

Foufounes: Benefit for Rock Homard. With the Infamous Bastards who really aren't that bad. I saw them with Sham 69 and they are a lot better than I was expecting. Also Hazy Azure and some other bands. \$5.00

Wednesday, December 14th

Theatre St. Denis: Celine Dion until the 18th of December. I knew she'd come back to me.

Poodles: This is the start of the second anniversary celebrations for Poodles but they were afraid to divulge any information over the phone so we don't know what the fuck is going on and we can't tell you a thing. Phone the club and ask them. Hope Kristy Rose isn't coming back.

Club Soda: Hart Rouge. Corey with make-up?

Station Ten: 7th. I think they were booked at the wrong time.

Rising Sun: Jazz Jam Session.

Peel Pub: Little Malcolm.

Deja Vu: 10 PM Paris go home.

Foufounes: Traffic D'Influence.

Thursday, December 15th

American Rock Café: Jimmy Dogs.

Spectrum: Michel Rivard which is a spectacle of some beer but I'm not going to say which one because I'm against drinking in all of it's forms. (...except liquid—ed.)

Club Soda: Morse Code. Funk for only \$12.50

Peel Pub: Little Malcolm rides high.

Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue pay off their bar bills with Jet Black. It's the first anniversary of the bar.

Foufounes: Metal Night with Groovy Aardvaark and a band.

Rising Sun: Mango who like Bowser & Blue have bills to pay.

Station Ten: Too Many Cooks.

Friday, December 16th

Tycoon: The Swinging Relatives skank the night away for the hell of it.

American Rock Café: The Jimmy Dogs.

Club Soda: The Blushing Brides for only \$10. I got in trouble last time I did this but here goes... TEN FUCKIN' BUCKS for a lousy tribute band? These guys are crazy—don't waste your time.

Hopefully they're giving some of it back to the Rolling Stones. (You're in trouble now—ed.)

Rising Sun: Mango. I bet they won't do any Rolling Stones songs.

Station Ten: Klockwork. Knew band I guess.

Saturday, December 17th

American Rock Café: The Jimmy

Dogs ruff it up.

Spectrum: A dinosaur returns. Myles Goodwin plays to help pay off those bills. \$16.50.

Club Soda: Ten lousy bucks for a Rolling Stones cover band.

Tycoon: The Swinging Relatives. Ska in case you didn't know.

Peel Pub: Little Malcolm if he's still breathing.

Deja Vu: Jet Black. I'd love to know if any RearGarde readers ever go to this bar. This is not your typical hangout for RearGarde readers but let me know if you've ever been there. Fabulous prizes involved.

Foufounes: Sons of Freedom. Read the name carefully or no dessert.

Rising Sun: Mango.

Station Ten: Blind Camel. A cigarette without eyes?

Sunday, December 18th

Club Soda: Waylon Jennings. A friend told me that he sucked when he was in London, Ont. and somebody else I know saw him recently and said he was great. Only \$23.50, maybe he'll do some Rolling Stones songs.

Peel Pub: Little Malcolm heads off into the sunset.

Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue.

Foufounes: Painting Event. The walls or bodies.

Rising Sun: Mango.

Station Ten: Folk stuff. Maybe a jam session.

Monday, December 19th

Peel Pub: Lakeshore Rockers. They're back. The Maples is burning.

Deja Vu: Bowser & Blue. Crescent street humour on Bishop street.

Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session with a band.

Station Ten: Wolfgang. Quite a choice tonight, I think I'll just stay home and re-arrange my phone directory.

Tuesday, December 20th

Spectrum: Voivod who were in Boston recently. Everyone down there thinks they are American.

Peel Pub: The Lakeshore Rockers.

Deja Vu: The Jimmy Dogs.

Foufounes: Night Poetry with a band playing. There will be readings and a band. You go figure it out.

Rising Sun: How could we forget Motown night.

Station Ten: Ubrria & PLayerhouse. Dumb names.

Wednesday, December 21st

Spectrum: Voivod. Only \$16.50 for this American band. All ages show.

Peel Pub: The Lakeshore Rockers.

Deja Vu: The Jimmy Dogs.

Rising Sun: Wes N Jazz. Jam with the Asexuals.

Station Ten: Three O'Clock Train which is really only one of them left, does that make them .75 O'Clock Train?

Thursday, December 22nd

American Rock Café: Indecent Exposure for the rest of the year. It gets dead around this time.

Peel Pub: The Lakeshore Rockers.

Deja Vu: The Jimmy Dogs.

Rising Sun: Mango return for their weekly shows.

Station Ten: Fainting In Coils and the Home Boys. Sounds like a weird combination to me but then again I've never heard either group.

Friday, December 23rd

American Rock Café: Indecent Expo-

sure with Gassenhauer (Unlikely—ed.). By the way after a recent poll it was found that my opening bands I list here are right within 4 days 19 times out of 20.

Peel Pub: The Lakeshore Rockers. Can we free trade these guys?

Deja Vu: Killing Floor.

Rising Sun: Mango. Reggae.

Station Ten: The Fast & the Furious and Mirror Image and a mystery guest.

Saturday, December 24th

Rising Sun: Mango. Don't these people sleep?

Sunday, December 25th

Rising Sun: Mango. Aw come on, you must be joking.

Monday, December 26th

Peel Pub: Third Stone. What about the first two?

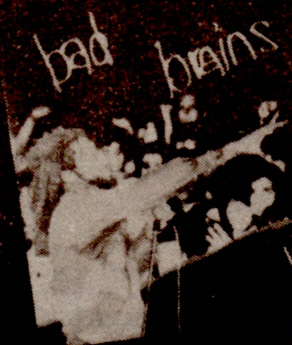
Deja Vu: The Killing Floor. Back at it eh?

Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam Session.

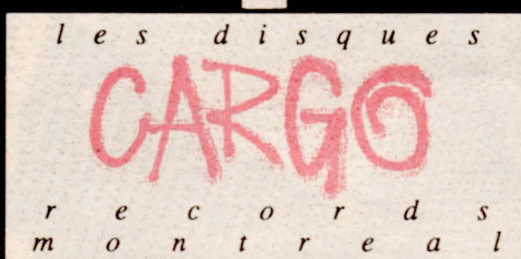
Station Ten: Faces Weave Scene. The winner for the dumbest name of a Montreal band is...

Tuesday, December 27th

ALBUMS CASSETTES CD'S...

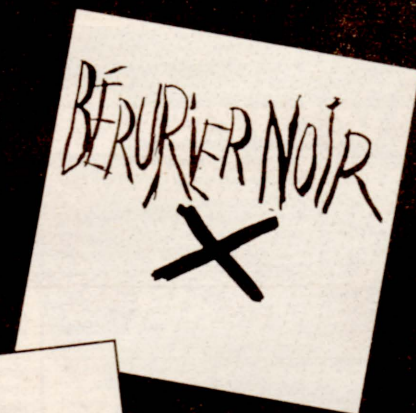


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